The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

In "The Peak of the Load," which Messrs. Constable announce, Miss Mildred Aldrich continues, from the entrance of America into the war, the narrative of her experiences on the edge of the war zone which she began in "A Hilltop on the Marne."

By arrangement with Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Mr. Lee Warner, as publisher to the Medici Society, will this autumn issue a Riccardi Press Edition of the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. At the same time he will publish two new volumes, "The Livery of Eve" and "The

Substance of a Dream" (of which Messrs. Methuen are now at press with the ordinary issues) in the Riccardi Press Edition of the Works of F. W. Bain.

Miss Dorothy Richardson's brilliant continuation of the story of Miriam Henderson, "The Tunnel" (Duckworth), following "Pointed Roofs," "Honeycomb" and "Backwater," was the fourth in a series whose fifth volume, "Interim," she hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn. Each volume is a single chapter of the work as a whole, and its title was to have been "Pilgrimage," but it was found that this title had already been taken, and the author does not now regret this, "since pilgrimage suggests a journey from a beginning to an end, from darkness to light, and so forth"; whereas that which she hopes will stand clear when the series is complete should have informed every volume, and she believes it will prove to have done so. There is nothing arbitrary or consciously "new" in Miss Richardson's technique. It was an immense surprise to her, "something of a delightful adventure," as the story unfolded itself, and she sees it now "as the inevitable 'literary' result of a point of view." From 1909 onwards Miss Richardson contributed a number of middle articles to the *Saturday Review*. Her first book, an essay on "The Quakers: Past and Present," was published by Constable in 1914, when "Pointed Roofs" was already written, but had not found a publisher.

Mr. Israel Zangwill,

whose new novel, "Jinny the Carrier" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing this month "Things Big and Little," a new collection of essays and sketches by Gilbert Thomas.

Major Putnam, head of the famous American publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is in London on his yearly visit and looking none the worse for the strenuous work he did on the platform and in the Press, before and after America came into the war, to bring about a closer union between our country and his own. He assured an interviewer the other day that the market for British books in America is greater than ever. "But they must be good books. There is no geographical boundary now between your literature and ours. American readers do not care whether a book is English or American, so long as it is a good book. Probably no English-writing author has a larger influence in the States than H. G. Wells. Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy, Zangwill, Kipling, Chesterton — all your first rank authors have a bigger public with us than at home because we have a much larger population for them, but there is a falling off in the sales of your second and third rate authors—we now produce nearly enough of that kind ourselves to satisfy the demand."

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing immediately "Handley's Corner," a new novel by Kate Horn.

A collection of Victor Bridges' short stories, "The Cruise of the *Scandal*," will be published shortly by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

A book of more than common interest is the collection of Joyce Kilmer's poems which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press. Joyce Kilmer, a brilliant American journalist, joined the American Army immediately America entered the war, and was killed on active service in France. Shortly before his own death in a French hospital, Cecil Chesterton, who in happier years had "discovered" Kilmer as a poet, wrote: "So Joyce Kilmer is dead—on French soil, a soldier in the new Grand Army which America has sent to help in the Liberation of the World. . . . Kilmer, like Poe, was a journalist as well as a poet, and in point of fact he seemed prouder of his journalism than of his poetry. At any rate, he talked about it much more. That, however, was, I think, because he preferred to talk of things outside himself. He was the kind of man who would have despised the sort of self-analysis in which some poets have delighted.

. . . His mysticism never plunged into morbidity, as Poe's did, but set itself to scale the skies. In his poetry this simplicity shows itself in a certain directness in his treatment of human things. His love songs are exquisite, but they strike, as such songs should, the single note of romantic love without sophistications. It is so also with his religious poetry. There is a fighting note—militant almost to harshness—in much of his best work which makes his death as a fighter seem, grievous as is our loss, a fitting one. Perhaps no poet has ever had a greater command of the language of complete contempt than had Joyce Kilmer. Yet he could sing very beautifully of the good simplicities of life. . . . To me he has left the memory of a brief friendship of which I shall be proud until I join him. To the world he has left much admirable art and a promise which can now never be fulfilled."

"Dressing Gowns and Glue," a book of nonsense verses written by Captain L. de G. Sieveking, R.A.F., while he was a prisoner in Germany, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The book is illustrated by John Nash, and contains an introduction to the verses by G. K. Chesterton, and an introduction to the drawings by Max Beerbohm.

The same firm is about to publish "The Meaning of the World Revolution," by Hamilton Fyfe; and Sir Leo Money's "Fifty Points About Capital."

"The Pagan" (Methuen), which was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, is Charles Inge's fourth novel, and was written at night during the last year of his service in the late war. His other books are "The Unknown Quantity," a novel of eugenics; "Square Pegs," and "The Eternal Whisper," published in 1915, but written before war was declared. They all deal with various phases of London life. He started his literary career by contributing verse to *Vanity Fair* and, when Mr. Fletcher Robinson was editing that paper, a series of "Mr. Wordly Wiseman's Letters to His Son." He learned something of his London, he says, "by a succession of wanderings and nights out in Splendour or Soho in the days when the Gourmets was in two rooms and Madame Roche took your money at the desk in Old Compton Street." His impressions of those adventures were translated into a series of London sketches which appeared in the *Nation*. In addition, Mr. Inge has contributed variously to the dailies and weeklies and many short stories to the magazines, receiving, the while, his share of editorial compliments, with or without regrets. On one occasion he discovered that contributors do not rank high as creditors of a bankrupt paper, but remains grateful for much remembered encouragement.

Mr. Charles Inge,
whose novel, "The Pagan" (Methuen), was reviewed in our last Number.

Photo by Compton Collier.

Mr. W. L. George
and the cat that is one of the characters in his new novel, "Blind Alley" (Fisher Unwin).

Mr. Inge was educated at Westminster, where he got his "pinks" for football, and was captain of the House in that game, and captain of "raquets," as it is played at Westminster. Among his possessions are the Maundy Pence given for climbing the "big pole" at gym, the Football Association Gold Medal, as a member of the Old Westminster team that won the London Cup, and one small son. He is married to a great-granddaughter of Collingwood's flag lieutenant at Trafalgar, Captain Clavell, who is also his own great-grandfather. During six months at Hanover, he picked up some German with a view to going into

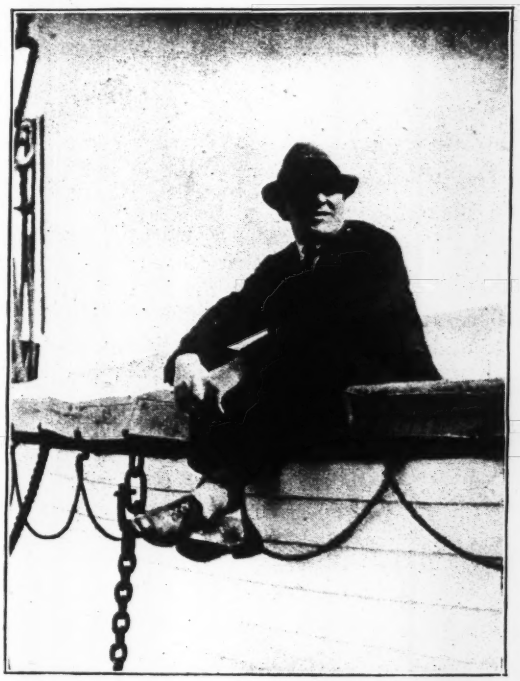
the Army, but eventually became a planter of tea and cocoanuts in Ceylon. He served in the South African War (for which he has the Queen's Medal and three clasps) and was mentioned in the *Gazette* during the war that is now, more or less, ended. As a novelist, his method is to find the characters and let them work out their own story. He doubts the efficacy of detailed description in a novel, seeing that no two people visualise alike, and confesses, rather cryptically, that he was once asked to change that part of his name which he uses on his title-pages.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt writes with reference to Mrs. Archibald Little's recent review of her latest book, "A Broken Journey" (Werner Laurie), that her description of it in the title as a journey along the upper reaches of the Amur is correct, as the fact that she had reached Saghalien from the north presupposes that she had passed along the lower reaches. "Mrs. Little," she writes, "considers that my travels in China might be compared to those of a foreigner 'who insisted on travelling through our Black Country by by-ways mounted on a sorry donkey,' but I set out to go to Lan Chou Fu, and there are only two caravan routes. I went by no by-ways but by the main northern caravan route because the southern route by Hsi An Fu was in the hands of a robber chief, White Wolf. I also travelled in the very best style the country afforded, a mule litter. It was about equal to going through the Black Country in a first class carriage on the London and North-Western. I was 'lifted' out of the litter, I admit, but I really don't know how I could have got out else when the litter was on the backs of the mules. I fear me Mrs. Little doesn't know much about travelling in the interior of China beyond the comforts and luxuries of the Englishman in the East. Of course, the Yellow River may be seen from the windows of a train, but had I been content to look at it from that vantage point I should have known nothing about the peasant of Shansi. Finally, as for her suggestion that I should have distributed literature against foot-binding on my travels: to begin with, not two per cent. of the Chinese are educated, as we regard education. The old-style Chinaman was quite a courteous individual educated in his own way, but not considering his women of any but very secondary importance in life, and for me, an alien, a woman, helpless and alone, to go through a land distributing literature against a custom so deeply rooted as foot-binding, would have been asking for trouble. My only safeguard would have been that the majority of the people could not have read it." Mrs. Little replies that in what she said of the distribution of literature against foot-binding she was suggesting what was always her own practice out in China; that in her other comments she wrote from recollections of her own long residence and travel in China, intending them to be taken as a comparison of differing experiences; and that if she failed to convey that "A Broken Journey" was a book that would give much pleasure to many readers she must have expressed herself inadequately.

Captain Horace Wyndham,
author of "Following the Drum," &c., served with the B.E.F. 1916–1919. He is now with the Army of the Rhine.

Mr. Sydney Hastings Webb,
whose successful humorous novel, "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy" (illustrated by G. L. Stampa), is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Miss Marie Corelli's new book, "My Little Bit" (6s. net; Collins), includes the vigorous and outspoken articles she contributed to the Press during the war, and two that were first published before



Mr. David Whitelaw,

whose admirable romance of the French Revolution, "The Man on the Dover Road," was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

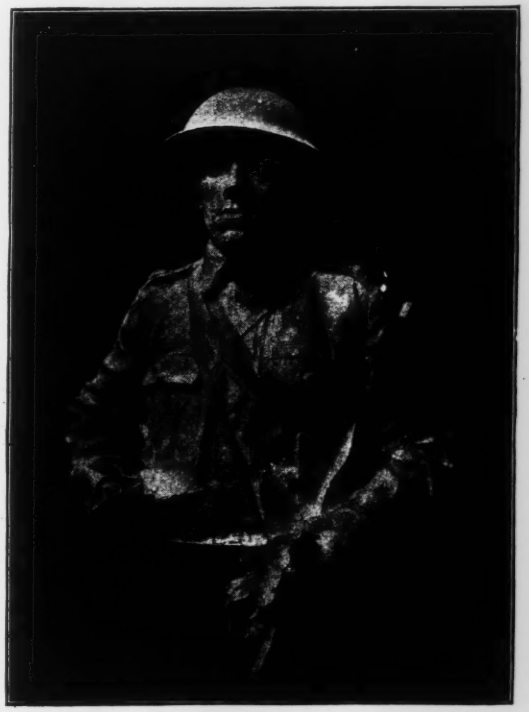
Mr. Whitelaw has just returned from America. The photograph was taken on board the *Rotterdam*, en route for New York.

the war, "The Great Unrest," a drastic indictment of modern social developments, and "Savage Glory," which shrewdly foresaw the catastrophe that came upon us in August, 1914. You may or may not agree with Miss Corelli's views on the emancipation of women, the failure of the Churches, and the divers political and general questions that have exercised the public mind in these latter years, but they help to make "My Little Bit" a live and an interesting book. Among the best of the essays, the most spirited and the most sympathetic are those which deal with the heroic doings and sufferings of our fighting-men.

"Air Pie," the Royal Air Force Annual, edited by W. Kean Seymour and Cecil Palmer of the R.A.F. (5s. net; Palmer & Hayward) is a handsome miscellany containing numerous pictures, serious and humorous, in colour and black-and-white, by many of the most distinguished living artists, including Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, Muirhead Bone, Raven Hill, Heath Robinson, H. M. Bateman, C. R. W. Nevinson, Will Dyson, "Poy," Bert Thomas, Harry Rountree, Frank Brangwyn, Augustus John, John Hassall; and stories, poems and essays by Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, W. B. Maxwell, Israel Zangwill, Coulson Kernahan, Pett Ridge, Robert Hichens, John Galsworthy, W. H. Davies, De Vere Stacpoole, and other well-known authors. Full of good things and admirably produced, "Air Pie" is, in beauty and interest, second to none of the popular annuals of its kind.

No poem of the war made a wider, more poignantly inspiring appeal than "In Flanders Fields," that gives its title to the collection of Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae's poems which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published (6s. net). There are verses in the book almost as fine in thought and feeling as his one famous lyric. Sir Andrew Macphail contributes a biography and character sketch of McCrae, and a critical study of his work.

The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson has written a book on "The Problem of Hamlet" in which all the leading theories of the character of Hamlet, down to the latest German, are reviewed and shown to miss their aim by overlooking the structural evolution of the play. This is one in a series of books that Mr. Robertson has projected on "The Canon of Shakespeare," and will be published shortly by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin.



Lieutenant F. W. Palmer, V.C.

From the bust by L. S. Merrifield in this year's R.A.

Mr. F. W. Palmer, the brother of Mr. Cecil Palmer, was connected with the firms of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Mr. Erskine Macdonald; he made a gallant record in the late war and is the only publisher V.C

THE READER.

"SAPPER."

By David Hodge.

THE public are not easily attracted to ordinary war fiction to-day. Magazine editors found many months ago that the demand of their readers for stories of the war had fallen to a low point, and contributors were advised to steer clear of tales that had the war as a setting. The public had become satiated with the war as a basis for reading matter of the imaginative order; weary of incomprehensible descriptions of gallant fights in the air; tired of the technicalities that shrouded the interest of what soldier-authors had to say; bored by the slang of the trenches and the officers' mess; and annoyed by the assumption of too many of the writers that a story, no matter how incompetently done, had claim to notice and serious consideration merely because it was the work of one who had been "over there" and studied hell at first hand. The magazine editors and the book publishers knew that the day for such war fiction had passed, and now the only war writers who receive attention are the few who by their craftsmanship and wide human appeal have a likelihood of more than ephemeral fame. Among them is Cyril McNeile, the soldier who writes under the pen-name of "Sapper."

Throughout the war his engaging personality as displayed in his newspaper articles and books of short stories has attracted and allured the reading public, who have come to look on him as an intimate and friend. It was recognised early that in him we had a man with a point of view and with a pen that could strongly and brightly present his pictures and convey his impressions of the grim drama in the battle-fields of France and Flanders. Military terminology was employed sparsely; a dramatic sense pervaded all that he wrote; and the human note was never absent. He made clear that while the men at the Front had undergone a change they remained in the great essentials the men they were when they enlisted. Not for "Sapper" the view that Britons are of two widely differing classes: the men who fought, and the men who did not fight. Too often it was the view of the war correspondents, who would represent to us that the soldiers had next to nothing in common with the men at home—their brothers and their fathers, it might be—and that the fighters were a wholly new breed. The correspondents could have glorified the heroes without seeking to establish any disparaging contrast, but they did not elect to do so, and when they came to write of industrial trouble at home the agitators were referred to in terms more fitting for Cherokees or Hottentots than the blood relations of the noble fighters from the midst of whom the dispatches were penned from day to day. No such hard and fast line was drawn by "Sapper"; he knew, and he made it clear to those at home that he knew and understood; he was saved by the human touch. He recognised the folly of any arbitrary line of sharp differentiation; realising that the man clerking at home to-day might be the man behind a gun the week after next. Now and again "Sapper's" characters say savage things about the men who "kept the home fires burning," "found themselves essential" in engineering shops that paid high wages, or took cover amid the roll-top desks and padded easy chairs of Whitehall; but the characters are merely expressing opinions flung about from start to finish of the war; and what they say may be far divorced from the views held by "Sapper" himself. These views are not copiously set forth, but when "Sapper" does talk in the first person he leaves no doubt as to his standpoint, outlook and attitude. His sympathies are cosmopolitan; narrowness is absent, and comprehensive charity is his key-note. "Sympathy and sacrifice—is that your summing up of Christianity?" asks a Captain. A Major, whose life has taken him all over the world, replies: "Isn't it? But whether it is or it isn't, it's the only thing that will keep any show going. Damn it, man, it's not religion—it's common horse sense." And in that reply, I imagine, we have a gospel of which "Sapper" does not disapprove.

His first books were short stories, and included "No Man's Land," "Men, Women and Guns," "The Human Touch," "The Lieutenant and Others," "Sergeant Michael Cassidy"—all of which go into edition after edition, and are as popular in America and in the Colonies as in the home country; are read not only by the men to whom such names as Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Paschendaele, Poperinghe, Kimmel Hill, convey undying memories, but by men and women to whom they are names and nothing more—not real places where one's friends passed the Great Divide, mere dots on a map. These short stories gave us two of "Sapper's" most vivid figures—Sergeant Cassidy, an Irishman who would have been a credit to Lever, and Shorty Bill, a desperate character, with whom killing was a science. As far as was humanly possible he had eliminated chance, and he specialised in making the fight man to man. As a sniper he had been known to lie for hours—right through the heat of the day—disguised in dirt and bits of brick, waiting for his target, immovable, seemingly a bit of the landscape. As a prowler in No Man's Land he had strange adventures, and such things as he did there are not written in any official gazette—at least, not all of them. The Shorty Bills who survived are back among us now—back as bus conductors, railway porters, policemen, mechanics, hall porters, liftmen, clerks, grocers, butchers, insurance agents, newsvendors, and other seemingly prosaic and humdrum people—and save to old platoon companions, men who shared with them the Great Adventure, they are as quiet as the grave concerning the fires through which they have come. By some unwritten law their experiences are kept sacred from the civilian—partly because the civilian would not understand, but almost wholly because he has no real

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right to hear them. . . . Some of the stories are in the nature of sketches, while others are stories with highly ingenious and stirring plots. "Sapper" draws with few lines. His effects are got by direct methods. He jettisons the superfluous with as much care as Phil May or Rudyard Kipling, and his sentences give one the impression of all first-class work—that they could not have been done in any other way. The style is individual and easy, and the models on which it is based are many and all good. Passages such as the following abound:

"'It's all a question of habit,' said the infantryman.

"And so is most of the war—a question of habit. Where Death is such a common visitor, it stands to reason he loses much of his horror If it were not so men would go mad. But mercifully for them, a callousness numbs their sensibilities, and the dead are just part of the scenery It will not last.

"In time the crust will break away, and a man's outlook on life will become as it once was. . . . The horror . . . will be glossed over by the kindly hand of time. Only a certain contempt of death will remain. . . ."

"Sapper" now presents a full length novel, "Mufti."* It is a distinct success. The story is simple as to plot; but it is primarily a novel not of plot but of psychology. The central character is one Derek Vane, an infantry captain. He is not of a type that would commend itself wholly to the left wing of the Coal Commission, for instance:

"Possessing, as he did, sufficient money to prevent the necessity of working, he had not taken very seriously the something he was supposed to be doing in the City. . . . He belonged, in fact, to the Breed; the Breed that has always existed in England, and will always exist till the world's end. You may meet its members in London and in Fiji; in the lands that lie beyond the mountains and at Henley; in the swamps where the stagnant vegetation rots and stinks; in the great deserts where the night air strikes cold. They are always the same, and they are branded with the stamp of the Breed. They shake your hand as a man shakes it; they meet your eye as a man meets it. Just now a generation of them lie around Ypres and La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle and Bapaume. The graves are overgrown and the crosses are marked with indelible pencil. Dead—yes; but not the Breed. The Breed never dies."

Vane is wounded in the arm and sent to hospital at Paris Plage at the time of the German offensive in the spring of last year. There he meets Margaret Trent, V.A.D., formerly a Society butterfly, in whose company he had, before the war, been constantly till the day when, by a chance remark overheard at a dinner party, she discovered that a certain flat and its occupant were closely connected with his bank account. At Paris Plage he is in her ward, and not unsurprisingly the close acquaintanceship is renewed. It ripens. He seeks her in marriage:

"Sapper"
(Cyril McNeile).

"'You have asked me to marry you' (says Margaret), 'to take the biggest step which any woman can take. I tell you quite frankly that I want to say "Yes." I think all along that I loved you, though I flirted with other men. . . . I was a fool five years ago. . . .'

"He looked at her quickly. 'Tell me; I want to know.'

"'I found out about that girl you were keeping. . . . It seemed a deliberate slight to me. It seemed so sordid. You see I didn't understand—then. . . . I've grown, you see . . . got a little nearer the true value of things. . . . One doesn't take men out of books now. All this has taught one to understand a man's temptations—to forgive him when he fails.'"

They agree to marry, but only after a time to be spent in discovering their life work. We leave Margaret at her hospital at Paris Plage, and though we hear of her we never see her again. Nor does Vane, as far as the book goes. He comes to England, to a convalescent home, a castle in the country, and there he meets one Joan Devereux, another of the Breed. Margaret is forgotten. Vane captures the heart of Joan, but to clear her father's fortunes she marries a multi-millionaire. She had promised to marry Vane, if she and he after a fortnight's consideration thought this course the true one. Vane is torpedoed in the Irish Sea and saved. While he lies unconscious the fortnight elapses and the girl marries the man of money. She abruptly conveys the news to Vane, and with equal abruptness the book ends—not a word of Margaret, not a word as to what becomes of Vane.

It is a noteworthy novel, with much powerful descriptive writing and large gallery of lifelike portraits. The account of the bombing of an English hospital by German airmen takes a high place among the war's most realistic pen-pictures. It is an actual occurrence that "Sapper" describes. We have had it described many times, but its awfulness and undying horror have been presented never before with such uncompromising and staggering realism.

* "Mufti." By "Sapper." 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A STRANGE OLD BROWN MS."

THE STORY OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN FRANKLIN RELIC, WITH SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CARLYLE LETTERS.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.SCOT.

NONE of the standard works on the Carlyles have any mention of their friend Henry Thomas Wake, who died on the first day of January, 1914. In his later years that delightful old Quaker was well known as the Antiquarian Bookseller of Fritchley (Derbyshire). When a young man of twenty-three he became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle through his avowed admiration for what the Sage had said of Fox, the founder of the Quakers, in "Sartor Resartus."

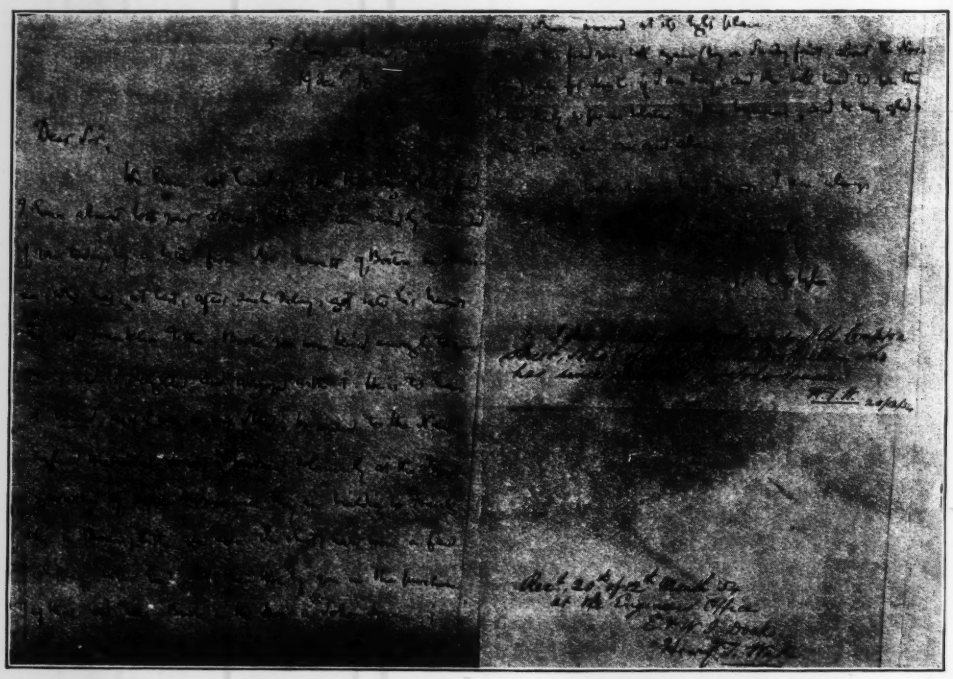
H. T. Wake was descended from the fourth Baronet of that ilk, and could thus, according to the History of the Family written by Archbishop Wake, trace back to the renowned Saxon hero, Hereward le Wake. In 1853 Mr. Wake had the honour, as a little tribute of friendship, of designing Carlyle's Bookplate, and the letters written by "grumpy auld Tam" in that connection form a very fine series which is now in the collection of the writer, along with the original sketch of the Bookplate and the only Large Paper Proof extant. "*Utility* and *clearness*" were required as the groundwork of the whole; it was to be "as big as necessary and no bigger"; a certain sketch "would do excellently well, if there be not better." These and other characteristic Carlylean observations were tersely justified with the dictum that "the honestly useful is never ugly and that the 'beautiful' which cannot be used is very apt to be so in my eyes."

One of the Bookplate letters dated 24th November, 1853, suddenly switches on to another subject thus:

"Your Ecton Tithes-Book is a really curious document, for which surely I am much obliged. I think it ought ultimately to go to America; and be reposited in some Congress Library, University Library, or other safe and perennial place, for the great Franklin's sake. Did you discover there that Thos. Franklin was the blacksmith of Ecton? I find the parson paying him 'for his work,' but never what the work was. Another question is, how have you made out the Parson's name—the three Parsons' names, Archdeacon P. and his two sons? If you could answer me those two questions within the week, I should be obliged—and leave you and Mrs. C. to settle the other matter against our return from the country."

The book referred to was the Manuscript record of the small tithes of the parish of Ecton, Northamptonshire, where the family of Benjamin Franklin had been established for several generations previous to the emigration of his father to Boston in 1682. Wake, always a bookman, found this interesting relic in a Soho bookshop, and presented it to Carlyle, who, appreciating its importance, and rightly judging that it would be of even greater interest in America than in England, sent it to the Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, leaving its ultimate disposal to his discretion. The book was conveyed to Mr. Everett by the hands of Sam Lawrence the artist, who carried with it a letter from Carlyle, dated 2nd December, 1853. Mr. Everett decided to present the precious Manuscript volume, after having it clothed in a worthy coat of leather, to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the following portion of the letter was copied, by Carlyle's permission, into one of the blank leaves:

"Mr. Lawrence carries for me a little packet to your address: a strange old brown MS., which never thought of travelling out of its native parish, but which now, so curious are the vicissitudes and growths of things, finds its real home on your side of the Atlantic, and in your hands first of all. The poor MS. is an old Tithes-Book of the parish of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, from about 1640 to almost 1700, and contains, I perceive, various scattered faint indications of the civil war time, which are not without interest; but the thing which should raise it above all tithes-books yet heard of is, that it contains actual notices, in that fashion, of the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin—



Facsimile of Letter from Carlyle to Henry Thomas Wake.

blacksmiths in that parish! Here they are—their forge hammers yet going—renting so many 'yard-lands' of Northamptonshire church-soil—keeping so many sheep, etc., etc.—little conscious that one of the demigods was about to proceed out of them. I flatter myself these old plaster-cast representations of the very form and pressure of the primeval (or at least *prior*-eval) Franklins will be interesting in America; there is the very *stamp* (as it were) of the black knuckles, of their hobnailed shoes, strongly preserved to us, *in hardened clay*, and now indestructible, if we take care of it!

"In the interior of the parcel are the necessary further indications of its history. I am very happy now to give up this MS. to your piety—such being the best dictate of my own piety upon the subject. To your wise keeping and wise disposal I now surrender it; and it is you that have it on your conscience hereafter, not I."

Benjamin Franklin, *æt.* **84.**

Owing to accidental circumstances it was November of 1854 before the old book reached Mr. Everett. He lost no time in penning his appreciation to Carlyle, who, evidently on the very day he received the letter of thanks from Boston, wrote this letter to the original rescuer of the historic old book:

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea
"19 *Dec.*, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—We have not heard of you this long while, and I have almost lost your address. But I am vividly reminded of you to-day, by a letter from Mr. Everett of Boston in America, who *has*, at last after such delay, got into his hands the old Franklin Tithe-Book you were kind enough to give me; and is delighted and overjoyed with it. He is to have it *bound* 'as if it were a very Iliad,' presented to the New England Historical Society; produced solemnly at the Inauguration of some monument they are building to Franklin in Boston, with etc., etc. In short never were a few shillings better laid out, than those by you in the purchase of that old Tithe-Book in the shop in Soho-Square. It would give you real pleasure to see what pleasure it gives now when arrived at its right place.

"If this finds you, call again (say, on Sunday first about the noon time); ask for Mrs. C. if I am busy, and she will read to you the letter itself so far as relates to this business, and be very glad to see you over and above.

"With many kind regards,
"I am always
"Yours Sincerely,
"T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle wrote again to Mr. Everett on 22nd December, 1854, giving permission, as desired, to make use of his former communication, and part of this second letter was also inscribed in the Ecton Tithes-Book. It reads:

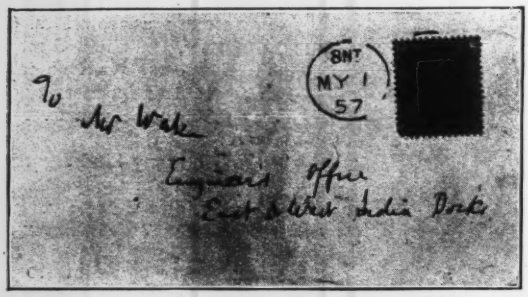
"All is right with this matter of the old Tithes-Book; and I am heartily pleased to think that it so pleases you, and is to have such honours as you indicate. A poor half-foolish and yet partly very serious and worthy old object has been rescued from its vague wanderings over cosmos and chaos, and at length helped into its right place in the creation; for which small mercy let us be thankful, and wish only that, in bigger cases (of which in nature there are so many, and of such a tragical sort) the same perfect service could always be done! Alas! Alas!

"To-day I am in considerable haste; but would not lose a post in answering you about the letter you speak of. I quite forget what was in the letter in question; but do not doubt it would be some transcript of my then feelings about the matter in hand—part of the truth, therefore, and I hope not of the untruth, in regard to it—and I will very willingly commit it altogether to your friendly discretion, to make whatever use of it you find to be reasonable and feasible and so will say, long life to Franklin's memory! and add our little shout to that of the Bostoners in inaugurating their monument for him. 'Long life to the memory of all brave men,'—to which prayer if we could add only, 'speedy death to the memory of all who were not so,' it would be a comprehensive petition, and of salutary tendencies, in the epoch of Barnum and Hudson!"

1665. March 25.
The Glebe thus Letton
Tho. Franklin holdeth one yd till ensuing Xmas next. except Fallows and Doues & comons &c
he now holdeth is in arrear for rent due at Mich. last 4li & his rent more due — 4 00 00 4. 00. 00
George Bill holdeth yd. rent arrear Mich. last 4li & none more due — 4 00 00 4. 00 00
Tho. Corbet holdeth yd rent none due — 4. 00 00 — 4 00 00
he entereth into the Land at Xmas next
is leaving
Tho. Webster jd entereth on the other half
John Denton holdeth half a yd. his rent
a year at Mich. 1665 & none more due — 2 00 00
John Caswell holdeth half yd. rent now due — 2 00 00 2. 00. 00
The 14 Acres peece of ondoro for this year Letton thus
Rich. Mallard sen. holds a quarter — 2 15 00 2. 15 00
John Andrews a quarter — 2 15 00 2. 15 00
John Barber a quarter — 2. 15 00 2. 15. 00
John Caswell halfe a quarter — 1. 07. 06 1. 07. 6
Joseph Wills halfe a quarter on Mon — 1. 07 06 1. 07. 6
The Whinnes peece containeth ten of Swarth —

Facsimile page from the Ecton Tithes-Book.

It was not till the annual meeting on 9th April, 1857, that this "worthy old object," "bound as if it were a very Iliad," was presented by its American



Facsimile Envelope addressed to Mr. Wake partly by Carlyle, partly by Ruskin.

Godfather to the Massachusetts Historical Society. A full report of the proceedings was printed in the *Boston Daily Courier* of 10th April, 1857. I have the news-cuttings before me (sent by Mr. Everett) on which Carlyle has written "Boston (N. End) recd. April 25—T. C." He enclosed the cuttings in a little envelope, on the inside flap of which he wrote, "With Mr. Carlyle's Compts., Chelsea, 27th April, 1857." (I fancy he did not *Mister* himself much.) He then inscribed it, "To Mr. Wake," and being unable to recall the address, which *he nearly forgot* on a previous occasion, sent it to a mutual friend, John Ruskin, to fill in, and forward. Hence the unique envelope in the handwriting of Carlyle and his disciple Ruskin—a little parenthesis in the history of the old Ecton Tithes-Book which found its true home through Carlyle's appreciation and hero-worship of America's *demigod*, the great Franklin.

The Ecton Tithes-Book is still a treasured possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The extracts from the two letters sent by Carlyle to Everett are transcribed in the latter's hand, on two fly-leaves, bound in for the purpose, but the whereabouts of the originals is unfortunately unknown to the Society. The Assistant Librarian, Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, to whose kindness I am indebted for the Boston illustrations, also favoured me with a photo of one of the "Franklin" pages of the old village manuscript, which is here reproduced in facsimile.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best expression in eight lines of original verse of a dog's opinion of muzzling, or of those who muzzle him.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village or district in which the writer's holiday has been, or will be, spent.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—This PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachel Swete Macnamara, of Raffien, New Milton, Hants, and Charles J. Kirk, of 22, Westbrook, Darlington, for the following:

THE OTHER SIDE O' THE MOON.

I steered my little shallop's prow
(My lantern was a star!)
To where the path of moonlight lay,
The magic path of moonlight lay,
Across the broad sea's shimmering way
To mystic lands afar.

It grounded on the silver sand
The silver seas between;
And there I found no things that are.
No happy simple things that are,
But lovely things more wondrous far,
The things that might have been.

I wandered through a twilit glade
That shot out starry gleams,
And there in crystal cradles lay,
In silver-crystal cradles lay
Sweet babes that never saw the day
Except in old maids' dreams.

I saw within a moonlit wood
Fair maids three-score and ten.
Such damsels ne'er on earth did dwell;
Too rare with human folk to dwell!
O fairer far than tongue can tell—
The wives of single men!

And near me shone a glittering pile—
Bright words we might have said.
And in the distance far away,
Like ivory, so white it lay,
A snowy hill rose far away,
Of hopes unborn yet dead.

XUM

I saw a cloud of wingèd dreams
About the silver beach,
But when I tried to catch a dream—
(O fool, for who may catch a dream ?)
The iris wings shot one bright gleam,
And fluttered out of reach !

So then I knew the land I trod
No mortal yet had seen.
It lies behind the cold-eyed moon,
The secret hidden side o' the moon,
Where only Fancy pipes his tune—
The land of Might-have-been !

RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA.

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

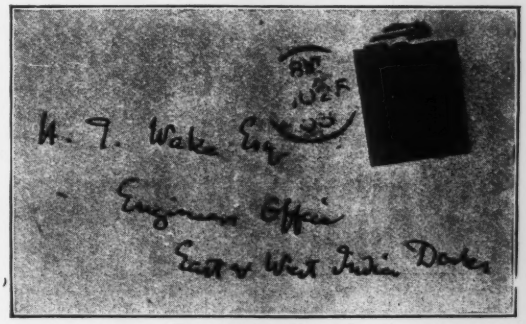
I dreamed they crossed my hands upon my breast
And lit tall candles at my head and feet,
White candles like great lilies I had seen
In a far land when life and youth were sweet.

One twined among my fingers, stiff and cold,
A rosary of jet that winked and glowed
Like the jade necklace in the burning sun
That day I met her on the Delhi road.

And in a corner one, wrapped in her shawl,
Keened that her son might see another day ;
But I was weary for the men I knew
And I prayed God to let me pass their way.

And then there came a wee bit whisp of grief,
Close to my ear where you were on your knees.
Oh, but your voice set me all quivering,
The way the wind makes songs among the trees !

Edward Everett
as he appeared when delivering his oration on Washington.



Facsimile Envelope addressed by Carlyle to Mr. Wake.

So I forgot the maid on Delhi road,
The great white lilies, and the men I knew,
And I prayed God to let me stop awhile,
—There was so much I had to say to you.

CHARLES J. KIRK.

We also select for printing :

A CHILD PILGRIM.

All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me—
It has gone out ; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me,
It shone so fair for all to see ;
'Twas like a crocus bud all gold
That's twisted into one slim fold.
It has gone out, my little light,
And left its body, cold and white,
Within my hand, like a pale ghost,
And that is what I fear the most.
All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me ?
Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid.
I *am* a little frightened. Can't you see ?
Oh, light my little candle here for me.

(Edna Norman, Stratheden House, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

A SUMMER SONG.

Oh, put your weary task away and come and play, and come and play
Where bluebells ring an elfin chime to greet a mortal maiden !
For all the world is green and gold, and youth is bold, and age is cold,
So come where honey-scented gorse with fairy wealth is laden !

Come where the secret woodland pool is deep and cool, is deep and cool,
Where kingcups lift their gleaming heads among the swaying rushes !
Where dreamily the wandering breeze sighs through the trees, and through the trees,
And clearly sound the mellow notes of blackbirds and of thrushes !

Oh, come before the summer day has turned to grey and died away
Like youth that never will return for all your lamentation !
And rest with me in greenest gloom where you shall see how Nature's loom
Unceasing plies as from the day of Beauty's first creation !

(E. Raworth, 42, Leadhall Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire.)

Dowse Library,
on the second floor of the Massachusetts Historical Society building, where the Society, to which the Ecton Tithes-Book was presented, holds its meetings.

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), E. H. Clutterbuck (Chippenham), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Frederick Theodore Bastel (Ohio, U.S.A.), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), M. A. Ruck (Kenilworth), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Anna Walker (Sleights), Walter Maxfield (Wimbledon), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Helen C. Roberts (Worthing), Cyril C. Taylor (Edinburgh), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), Lieutenant R. P. Connell, R.N.V.R. (Portslade), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Frederic Warne (Auckland, N.Z.), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Lilian Maud Parsons (Wembley), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), "Darien" (Lutterworth), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), J. N. MacIver (Annfield Plain), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Hughes R. Davies (Eastbourne), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), "Kitty" (Lutterworth), F. E. Scarborough (London, W.), Margaret D. Wright (London), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. Cranshaw (Bolton), May B. Wardale (Shrewton), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Hilda M. Ridley (Ottawa, Ontario), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Violet E. Dismore (Southend-on-Sea), Edmund Roper (Topsham), Francis I. Venables (Hornsey), K. (Catford), Winifred D. Beal (Poole), "Sinbad" (Scarborough), Miss A. O. Wilson (Weymouth), Bertha R. Beal (Poole), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Margaret Odendaal (Heilbron, S.A.), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), J. E. Read (Elstree), John A. Stevenson (Glasgow), Frederick L. Bridges (Barnsley), Margaret I. Hawkins (King's Lynn), Ruth Silverton (Wembley), Egbert Sandford (Haulbowline, Co. Cork), Mary Martin (Glasgow), Vida P. Archibald (Bromley, Kent), F. N. Jellicoe (Brixton), Derek Barnes (Croydon), Joyce E. J. Collard (Wincanton), W. Lumb (Halifax), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), Edith Allen (Bristol), Anna Keir (Musselburgh), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), E. M. Ayne (Cardiff), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Herbert W. Barnsdale (Lincoln), Eva Mayo (Coventry), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Campbell Roper (Winchester), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell), V. Walker (Whitehaven), M. Pitman (Tetsworth), F. Banks (Auckland, N.Z.), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), C. F. (Newport, Mon.), Edith MacBean (Bristol), W. W. (London, S.E.), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Irene E. Osborne (Honour Oak), John Arthur Lloyd (Ferndale, Glam.), O. Holdsworth (Keighley), Alec S. Churcher; Henry Baxter (Finchley), Frank F. Davis (Leytonstone), J. M. Tatton (Isle of Man), Laurence Tarr (Wanstead), Mabel Forbes Myers (Bournemouth), Winifred Ellis (Stroud Green), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), Daisy A. Green (Gargrave), George Savill (Brockley, S.E.), Edith A. Quirk (Eastbourne), Audrey Kemp (Capetown), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), H. E. Holland (Fittleworth), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), R. F. Hopes (B.E.F., France), Gordon Stace Smith (Victoria, B.C.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John Cullinane, of Ballymacan Cove, Waterford, Ireland, for the following:

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
BY EDMUND CANDLER. (Cassell.)
"O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet, I. v.* 43.

We also select for printing:

THE PRICE OF THINGS. BY ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth.)
"O the wild charge they made."
TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*
(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

THE HARDEST PART. BY G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
". . . You incessantly stand on your head."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Old Father William.*
(Jack J. Southall, Bedfont Farm, Stanwell Moor, Staines, Middlesex.)

WOMEN OF '98. BY HELENA CONCANNON. (Gill.)
"They are too old to learn."
MASSINGER, *The Fatal Dowry.*
(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THE BEGINNING AND THE END. BY A. TOPHAM. (Melrose.)
"I looked at her and looked again,
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH, *The Two April Mornings.*
(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE UNDYING FIRE. BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)
"'Wot ye the price of good pit coal that I must pay?' said he."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Tomlinson.*
(B. Noel Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE.
BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. (Heinemann.)
"The first were nothing had I still the last."
BYRON, *Epistle to Augusta.*
(Lilian M. Macklin, Thoralby, Corbar Road, Buxton.)

III.—This PRIZE for the best motto in prose or verse (original or selected) for people who are concerned with the housing problem, is divided and TWO BOOKS are awarded to Doris Westwood, of The Hill, Maney, Sutton Coldfield, and TWO BOOKS to Adeline May, of 21, Marston Road, Knowle, Bristol, for the following:

Castle or cottage?
Oh, it matters not.
Beneath God's heaven
And built upon His earth—
Who judges peace by power,
Or power by worth?
If faith abides and youth,
Abides then joy,
And those who seek—know this—
Sweet home is there—just there—where true love is.
DORIS WESTWOOD.

"It is better to build a dog-hutch than to talk of building a castle."
ADELINE MAY.

Several of the replies sent in for this competition are not mottoes. From the many received we select for special commendation the six by Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), E. R. L. (Durham), Bessie Mylerist (Folkestone), K. D. Naish (West Kirby), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

SIX RED MONTHS IN RUSSIA.
BY LOUISE BRYANT. (Heinemann.)

Students of the Russian Revolution, mystified by multifarious evidence and a welter of contradiction, will welcome these articles by an American journalist. Her vivid impressions of things seen and illuminating anecdotes have the ring of authority and truth. The masterly pen-pictures of Trotsky and Lenin are at variance with the accepted portraits with which we are familiar, and we are warned against exaggerated stories of Russian brutality. A lucid history of the Soviet calls for serious and thoughtful study of the writer's contention that it "is the soul of Russia, and has become its nervous system and its brain."

We also select for printing:

CRUCIFIX CORNER. BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen.)

There is much that is of thrilling interest in this motor tour through the war zone, and there is no doubt that it will arouse poignant memories among those whose dead lie under the numerous wooden crosses which abound in "Everyman's land." In these days of unrest it is well to be reminded of those deeds of heroism and daring of daily occurrence only a few short months ago, and there will be many who will wish that they could accompany those sorrowing parents on the tour that ended in such a joyful surprise for them and their companions.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MY WAR EXPERIENCES IN TWO CONTINENTS.
BY S. MACNAUGHTON. (John Murray.)

It would be difficult to find amongst war books one as touching and beautiful as this diary. Without a touch of egoism and told in her own inimitable style, it is simply Miss Macnaughton's record of her "bit." We have life as she found it, first in Flanders, and afterwards in Russia and Persia, with an interval between filled up with recruiting work in England and Scotland. Miss Macnaughton as literally died in her country's service as did any soldier on the field of battle.

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, The Boulevard, Halifax.)

BLIND ALLEY. BY W. L. GEORGE.
(Fisher Unwin.)

No more vivid study of England in war time has appeared than "Blind Alley." It rarely falls to the lot of a writer to be able to look at life through the eyes of each of his characters with such ease and almost uncanny vision; whether soldiers or society girls, Mr. George knows by instinct their feelings and thoughts. From a woman's standpoint this interesting book is somewhat depressing. The women—especially war workers—are simply obsessed by love-making. But even they themselves are not too preoccupied to hesitate to apply the word "love" to their passionate interludes.

(May Bidgood, 406A, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.)

Massachusetts Historical Society Building, facing north.

THE SEAFARERS. BY A. CORBETT-SMITH.
(Cassell.)

If any doubt still exists in the minds of the English people as to what the Navy has been doing during the four and a half years of war, it will be for ever expelled by this latest sea history. Much has come to light, subsequent to the armistice, concerning equipment and devices hitherto undreamt of, but it remained for Major Corbett-Smith to instil into these revelations something of that mighty spirit permeating every branch of the British Navy, and to express that high tradition, the outcome of a long line of seafarers, which is the synonym for efficiency, chivalry and humanity.

(F. Kathleen Follows, Metchley Park, Edgbaston, Birmingham).

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent by William Saunders (Edinburgh), M. B. (Stowmarket), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), M. R. Fleeson (Manchester), "White Rose" (Halifax), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran, Co. Londonderry), H. W. Harwood (Halifax), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Noel Mary Kingham (Watford), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Una Malleson (London, W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), L. W. B. (London, W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Emily A. Crowder (Harrogate), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Albert Stallan (Fulham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sergeant V. E. Hamson, Roxton Cottage, Park Road, Bushey, Herts.

THE SINGING CARAVAN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE volume of poems which comes to us with this title is an adventure good enough for any critic who deserves his luck. Here is a poet who stands head and shoulders high above the minor poets: even his imperfections are so much of him that they are good to have. To praise and to dissect this poetry, as is a critic's business, would be sheer impertinence. There it lies, gorgeous as the East, packed with strange wisdom, cynical and loving, with such a richness of poetry that one is somewhat dazed. The "Singing Caravan"[1] is to

[1] "The Singing Caravan." By Robert Vansittart. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

be read leisurely, to be savoured with slow delight, to be read and re-read again. It is ridiculous to review it in a bundle for it kills the other books. This is a strange, complex and rich mind. It is steeped in colour, yet it is sensitive to the simplicities of God; it is fragrant with Eastern essences, yet it remembers wet wallflowers in an English lane. It is simple, sensuous and passionate, and it is for the one who has the high call to the initiation into poetry. It has nothing for the man in the street; it exacts. One turns from the gorgeousness of the East to the cold and hot passionate cynicism of the Adventurer who went to the Crusades and imagines how it might perplex and shock the simple and the orthodox. But there is ruth with the cynicism and pity with the bitterness; and here and there in the rushing narrative there are plots of green one rests upon as in a May lane when the cuckoo is calling. There thorns like the gorse give out fragrance. Here is the boy going to the Crusade:

"But at the water-parting I waved to the castle green
and dun,
A tapestry where liquid sun—or tears—had made the
colour run.
I looked my last on every stone or tree to whom my face
was known,
The warriors smiled and called me child. They had
not understood the Rhone,
Nor that I loved the birchwood's skin, the pansy's face,
the sheep-dog's grin,
That sleep with Nature in a field was sweet to me as
mortal sin.
For love so fierce I stole: I gave my Summer holidays
to save
Lambs from the butcher; built for them sanctuary
at my wolf-cub's grave.
I stroked the landscape like a lute. No scentless words,
no colours mute
Could paint its music."

This is of Mr. Vansittart's simplicities, which are as distinguished as his subtleties.

One has to recall one's self with a sharp effort to the other poets who await a hearing, even when they are good, and Mr. Ivor Gurney's "War's Embers"[2] is pleasant throughout and often very good. It is as though one came out of some gorgeous and enchanted day to the singing of an English lad in an English mead. One has not to live up to the simple singing with a conscious effort; it flows easily, liquidly, like the song of the English thrush. They are delightful these songs of Severn-side and Malvern Hills, with the sprinkling of beautiful English names which have a jewel-like or flower-like effect. Perhaps not many English are aware of the beauty of their place-names which are as much a part of the soul of England, of Merry, not manufacturing, England, as the cathedrals and manor-houses. Mr. Gurney, with his liquid flow of music, has also distinction of thought. Rupert Brooke might have written "The Farm"; and "Fire in the Dusk" is a very beautiful poem:

"And all your wandering grace shall not be lost
To earth, being too precious, too great of cost—
Last wonder to awake the divine spark,
A lovely presence lighting Summer's dark;
Though dust, your frame of flesh, such dust as makes
Blue radiance of bloom in hidden brakes,
Pass from your body then, by what you will,
Whose light-foot walk outdanced the daffodil,
Since Time can but confirm you and fulfil
That hidden crescent power in you—Old Time
Spoiler of pride and towers and health and rhyme,
Yet on the spirit impotent of power and will."

Mr. Gurney is a poet. One can say no more; and it is good to think he is young and home from the wars and ready to sing us many more songs.

"Chinese Lyrics"[3] translated by James Whitall from the French of Judith Gautier, must be fortunate in both its translators. These are small jewels, each bright and full of living fire; or they are flowers from what the old poets used to call the enamel'd mead, so fresh, so clean, so dewy-shining are they. The very artificialities are somehow simplicities, like this little poem:

AT HER MIRROR.

"Sitting before her mirror
she gazes at the floor
where the bamboo curtain breaks the moonlight
into a thousand bits of jade.
Instead of combing her hair
she raises the curtain
and in the room it as is though a woman
robed in white silk
had let fall her mantle."

Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson has often given one pleasure in magazines and periodicals so that one turns to "The Quiet Heart"[4] with an anticipation which is not disappointed. These quiet and tender poems, mainly inspired by the war, have their own delicate allurement. The little book is well named; it breathes gentle fragrances; its flowers are pansies and forget-me-not, and they grow in a watered garden. There is more fancy in "There Played a Piper" than in most of these liquid songs:

"There played a piper in the glen;
Strange his mien and gaunt his bearing;
Wild his eye; his beard was greying;
Piper, why this lone, sad playing?
'Hist!' said he, 'do ye no ken
I'm playin' home the souls o' men
That perished for the badge ye're wearing?'

"In and out the trees he played:
Like icicles the long lights arching;
Torn his ribbons, torn and streaming;
Lone and grand his wild eyes dreaming.
Oh, proudly, proudly, played he then,
While still and silent stayed the glen
Save for his music and their marching."

"Lords and Ladies"[5] has some pretty things. As pretty as anything is the verse with which it opens: a verse for the "Lords and Ladies" of the early spring hedgerows, hardy in the cold, that were once "Our Lord in Our Lady's Lap."

"At danger's post, in honour's name
Held knights and dames of old,
So here come God's green gentlefolk,
The first to brave the cold."

[2] "War's Embers, and Other Verses." By Ivor Gurney. 3s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[3] "Chinese Lyrics." Translated from the French of Judith Gautier. By James Whitall. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)

[4] "The Quiet Heart." By Agnes Grozier Herbertson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[5] "Lords and Ladies." By E. Le Neve Foster. 2s. 6d. net. (Morland: Amersham.)

New Books.

JOB THE UNDEFEATED.*

Mr. Wells never wastes material. If you examine the succession of his later works you will find, in certain cases, that volume A is followed by volume B containing matter suggested by, arising out of, perhaps even rejected from, its immediate predecessor. With a mind so prolific, an excess of material for any one book can be understood, and with an art so masterly, the excision and subsequent adaptation of such material can be expected. Mr. Wells may teach and preach to considerable length: in fact he does; but he never forgets that he is a novelist. His art never fails him. A book may be (like this) one protracted conversation; but in his hands it has the genuine preoccupation of a novel with persons, places and things—it never lapses into mere dissociated talk of the kind to which we are becoming accustomed in what may be called the modern critical novel.

"The Undying Fire" is a corollary to "Joan and Peter." Like its predecessor it is a discussion of the aims, methods and principles of education and the sins and virtues of teachers. Indeed it is dedicated to "All Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses and every Teacher in the World," who will appreciate (we hope) this carefully discriminated compliment from one of the greatest educators of his generation.

Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his study.

The form of the book is extraordinary. It is a modern adaptation of the Book of Job and it begins in a way that is specially interesting to me, for in a volume of "Readings," recently published, I gave as companion extracts the opening of the Book of Job and the Prologue in Heaven from Goethe's "Faust." Now Mr. Wells's paraphrase of Job is preceded by a paraphrase of Goethe's Prologue in Heaven, and I should like to think my quotations had suggested to Mr. Wells the form of his story; but as that must have been written before my volume was published I can only conclude that our great minds have jumped together by independent impulse.

Now to the story. The seven sons and three daughters of Job were so prolific that the patriarch himself saw four generations, and their descendants now populate the earth. We are all Job's sons, and Job is us. So Mr. Wells names his hero Job Huss, and makes him the respected and prosperous head master of Woldingstanton, a great public school with a curriculum that is courageously untraditional and creative. Suddenly, the whole fabric of Job's personal and professional existence is brought crashing to the ground by a series of misfortunes unforeseen, unforeseeable, and entirely independent of any things or deeds of his own.

Not the least of the aboriginal Job's afflictions were his "damned good-natured friends," Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuite and Zophar the Naamathite, who dealt him out "I-told-you-sos" by the chapterful. Job Huss, awaiting an operation for cancer, is visited by Sir Eliphaz Burrows, patentee of the Temanite building brick, Mr. William Dad (of the Dad and Showite Car Co.) and Mr. Joseph Farr, head of the mathematical and technical side of Woldingstanton. The first two are prosperous school governors, out of sympathy with the Huss ideals, and encouraged in their animosity by Mr. Joe Farr, the man of science, who is intriguing to displace Job as head master and to turn Woldingstanton into a technical institute.

Not the least valuable of Mr. Wells's services to his age is his insistence on the distinction between education and information. Highly equipped as he is in science, he will have nothing to do with any plausible scheme of "science instruction" as a substitute for the education, slow and far-seeing, that opens the mind's eye to the infinite values of all that we call life. In such a plan of education the method of science must take a very prominent place; but there is a world of difference between the true scientific method and the "get-there-quick" schemes that aim at results which are called "practical," but are really only showy.

Long and various the talk of Job and his discomforters, ranging from school architecture to the ultimate purpose of God and the Universe. Readers of Mr. Wells can imagine how good the talk is; but, as we have said, the book is not all talk. Eliphaz and Bill Dad and Joe Farr are admirably drawn characters, especially the two commercial magnates, with their practical creed of hell and their platitudes of heaven. Good, too, is Dr. Elihu Barrack (Elihu, son of Barachel), the outspoken young man loud against the futilities of the elders. Best of all is the infuriatingly hostile Mrs. Croome, landlady of "Sea View," Sundering-on-Sea, the apartment house in which the unfortunate Job takes refuge. "Sea View" with its presiding genius is one of the best among Mr. Wells's many excellent "interiors."

At the moment of crisis, the great surgeon, Sir Alpheus Mengo (is this Alpha and Omega?) intervenes, removes the supposed cancer (a non-malignant growth after all)

* "The Undying Fire." A Contemporary Novel. By H. G. Wells. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

and the patient recovers. Job is sorely tempted, but he does not curse God; and, as in the ancient story, his prosperity returns, and a finer, kinder, saner Job begins the world again. The "Adversary of God and Man" is defeated, and must once more essay his eternal task of temptation—a task eternal because in man is "the undying fire" that makes him something "more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

TWO TRADITIONS OF ENGLISH POETRY.*

Mr. Laurence Housman's new volume is in the lesser tradition of English poetry. The predominant tradition is grave and musing, and, of the two books before me, is finely represented by the "Hymenaea and Other Poems" of Robin Flower. The lesser tradition is the slighter tradition, the tradition, at its highest, of Keats's "Fancy," or lower, the tradition of much of Tennyson's early work and of the best "occasional" verse. Following it, Mr. Housman does not attempt the heights or the deeps, but stays unpretentiously within his own wise limits. I have failed to find the poem from which his new book derives its title, and if it is even better than the delightful "A Georgic" with which the book opens, the reader might well complain:

"Come, tender Age, contain my blood,
And tame it to thy gentler moods,
From fields where once it ran in flood,
Down into woodland solitudes.
There, where the boughs
Soft music make,
I hear the wood-dove's voice awake:
'Take two cows, Taffy! Taffy, take
Two cows!'

"I am not he who comes for cows;
I seek no herd or grazing-plot:
Here, under roof of rustling boughs,
O tempting voice, you tempt me not:
But oh, the meek,
The pleading tone,
With which she makes the theft her own:
'Take two cows, Taffy! Taffy, take
Two cows.'"

The same fresh pleasure, a rural-smelling pleasure, is distilled in "A Song of the Dales," "The Wood Maze," and in "Farewell to Town," in which verse becomes poetry with:

"Where, cresting lone, a wind-vane stands
High on a time-worn steeple,
And blesses with its circling hands
A still untravelled people."

But of all that is pleasure-giving in the volume the best is "Corin at the Gate," where the difficult beauties of measure are gallantly attempted:

"To Eden fast gated,
Heart-broken, belated,
Corin came weeping; ashamed was he.
On turret and border,
Attentive to order
Stood watcher and warder, a wonder to see!

"Quoth he, 'O ye Powers
Who stand in high towers,
And bring to yon bowers the captive set free,
Let your bright sentry
Oppose not my entry,
For Phillada yonder sits weeping for me.'"

There are poems dealing with graver matters—religious poems upon subjects not too stark or not too starkly treated; and there are one or two, not directly religious, in which devotion has nevertheless guided the pen of the poet and he cries—"I know I am mortal. But he, that knows not, is divine"—the only approach to mystic exaltation which I have noted, and one of the few quotable single lines in the volume. For it is a characteristic of this poetry that its tendency is normally towards diffusion, and not towards concentration.

In its adhesion to the graver tradition, Mr. Flower's volume reveals another primary virtue—the virtue of pure style and form. Instances are abundant: "Night resumes anew her territories in debate with day," and "The darkness thrown by the huge wing and pitiless flight of fate," or in the whole poem entitled "Peregrinari Pro Amore Dei":

"O Irish dead
I reading in your ancient books all day
And every day
Yet never read
The inner secret thing they had to say.

"You took by storm
God's kingdom brought so far from oversea
And with wild glee
Set shapes enorm
From your fierce hearts about the sanctuary. . . ."

Or in the longer "Fand," beginning:

"Quiet he stood, and quiet lay
The moving woods all round
And the long grasses in the way
Stirred softly with no sound, . . .

and ending with such phrasing as:

"Now these things all are gathered to the past
And you and I are twain,
Our bodiless wills surrendered to the vast
And impotent necessity of pain,
And on Time's littered and oblivious floor
Shall meet no more."

Mr. Flower's best poem, "The Pipes," does not yield any single startling line, but is all beautiful with undetachable beauty of rhythm and burden; nor can more than a casual phrase be detached from "In Church":

"The carven screen,
With joyous fantasies of the summer wood.
Leaves and quick birds and squirrels pert between."

And here again the burden is a thoughtful one. For though there is neither facile pleasure nor facile sorrow in poetry of this kind, there is that which lies at the root of sorrow and pleasure—an imaginative, that is a spiritual apprehension of the world. It is not merely the material outer world that is so seized and visioned, the world of seasons and fruits, but also the immaterial world, the world of personality (one of these poems is entitled "Personality"), the world of symbol and relation. It is a characteristic of Mr. Flower's book, as of the tradition which it freely sustains, that in spite of or because of its spiritual preoccupations it yields a sharper satisfaction than is to be demanded from poetry more lightly conceived.

JOHN FREEMAN.

* "The Heart of Peace, and Other Poems." By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Hymenaea, etc." By Robin Flower. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

THE FRENCH NOVEL.*

The second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel," which has been anticipated so eagerly during the past eighteen months, is now upon the market. Readers will turn its pages with the liveliest curiosity to gather whether the learned Professor has managed to retain that first fine careless rapture, making the earlier volume so gay an adventure. They will not be disappointed in their hope, for he has kept it up to the very end. It is written, indeed, with amazing "go" and spirit, and since it is the author's pleasantry to make pointed reference to his age, it is but fair to say that there is no hint of advancing years in the astonishing vigour and virility of this remarkable book. Mr. Saintsbury's "History of

* "A History of the French Novel (to the Close of the Nineteenth Century)." By George Saintsbury. Vol. II.—1800 to 1900. 18s. net. (Macmillan.)

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the French Novel" is a triumph of personality. It overflows with his humours, not to say his whims and whams. If you are out of sympathy with these, you may describe them as prejudices. But they are all there—his hatred of liberalism in religion and politics; his contempt for humanitarians who object to capital punishment; for teetotallers especially, and for Trade Union leaders in particular. The book furnishes a life-like portrait of the writer, with not a wart ignored. In nothing is it more characteristic than in the complete indifference displayed to the quality of the writing. It contains many long words, many odd words, and words difficult to be understanded of the people. The English is larded frequently with Latin and French. As prose it is the despair of the purist. Yet the author is a great judge of letters, and amongst his enthusiasms is a love for such supreme masters of style as Flaubert and Gautier, Pater and Browne. And, despite his faults, he has written a "History of the French Novel," running to some thousand pages, which can be read lightly and with absorbed and unfailing interest from beginning to end.

The first volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History" traced the main current of French fiction from its source in the Sequence of St. Eulalia to the Empire—a period of some nine hundred years. The volume just published continues the exploration of the stream—or rather flood—from 1800 to the close of the century, but includes no criticism of living novelists, to which the Professor has an unalterable objection, except as journalism. The glaring contrast between the nine hundred years comprised in the first book, and the one hundred years included in its successor, is an indication of how fiction arrogates to itself, more and more, the whole province of literature. It is very unlikely that in a scheme so carefully considered and elaborately planned, the author has erred on a cardinal point. As a piece of architecture the building is thorough and imposing, and now that the scaffolding is down, the proportions can be studied, and should justify their designer. If any error may seem apparent, it will be in the parts rather than in the whole. Some room in the edifice, for instance, may prove to be larger than the hall intended for far more important functions. To be explicit, I would suggest that Mr. Saintsbury takes Paul de Kock much too seriously, and allots to the "poor creature" space which could be utilised to considerably greater advantage. It is true enough that both his public and certain persons of importance in his day considered the pleasant humorist a great novel writer, but—like Ophelia—they were the more deceived, and there is no reason to perpetuate the error. Again, I grudge and complain of the thirty-one pages devoted to Dumas *fils*. It is more than the number permitted to his father, or to Flaubert—Flaubert even; and after all the greatest work of the elder Dumas is not his son, but "The Three Musketeers."

The second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History" is likely to find more readers even than the first, if only because of its wider appeal to the general public. It is quite possible that some amongst them may come with a start of surprise upon his eulogy of the *nouvelle*—his praise of those "short, cameo-like narratives, the peculiar glory of French literature." Yet Mr. Saintsbury is undoubtedly right. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance alike were a riot of short stories, and the writers of the nineteenth century were too sensible to depart from the traditions of their race. Mr. Saintsbury has treated no part of his subject with more gusto than the short story. It is obviously congenial to his temperament and taste. His praises of the masters of the genre are generous and discriminating, whilst his analyses of their narratives and his translation of Gautier's famous "La Morte Amoureuse" add delight to his pages. It is remarkable how many of these short swallow flights of fiction were written by men who also achieved fame as novelists, and thus combined distinction on two apparently incompatible paths. Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, are three names which recur to the mind, and all are recipients of Mr. Saintsbury's ungrudging recognition. The chapter on Balzac may sound occasionally a little worn and tired, in consequence, doubtless, of over much writing on the subject, but the praise of his work rings true all the same. "It is almost always wonderful; it is often great, and it is often of the greatest." Flaubert receives an equally hearty tribute of esteem. "Style-craft and story-craft have married each other so perfectly that they are one flesh for the lover of literature to rejoice in." And again: "He is almost incomparably the greatest novelist of France specially belonging to the second half of the nineteenth century." Whilst as for Maupassant, not only are we told in a foot-note that the word "almost" is a reservation inserted particularly for his benefit, but the portion of the chapter devoted to his writings is of the freshest and most enthusiastic in the book. Indeed, it is necessary to remind ourselves that a work of art is—like the Republic—one and indivisible; that theme cannot be separated from treatment, and that a mean subject inevitably drags down the story to a lower plane.

There is very much else of interest to discuss in connection with Mr. Saintsbury's learned "History," but here we must congratulate him—and ourselves—on the triumphant completion of his great work.

EUGENE MASON.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

Is it one of the results of the war that our leading writers are giving us finer work than any they have previously done? Miss Sinclair has long held among us a place of pride, but none of her previous novels can compare with this enthralling study of a woman. Mary Olivier is an intelligent, courageous child without much vitality, but her presentment is in every way remarkable—the beautiful flowing style, the fidelity to life, the never relaxing hold on the reader's interest, the psychological insight. The child lives in her intelligence and her sensations. She is—leaving her convictions on one side—docile, such a good little creature, and when she grows up she has three lovers. The first, who has been intrigued by the pretty child, is disappointed in the woman and breaks off their engagement—a blow to Mary's vanity. The second, a middle-aged married man, of whose love she is innocently unaware, is taken out of the neighbourhood by a wife who is only careful after the horse had been stolen. Late, too late, comes the man for whom Mary cares, with whom she might have been happy. By then, however, she is middle-aged; overmastering passion she has never felt, could never feel; she has no longer even the vitality to take, at some little cost to herself and others, this last chance of human satisfaction.

He comes, this last lover, and he goes, and Mary lets him go. The effort to rearrange her life for his sake is too much for her. She cannot make it. She goes back to her mother and the old fable of the sour grapes is re-enacted. She tells herself that she is happy. Life, while she has been contemplating philosophy and writing verse, has passed her by, but she cannot bear to admit it. Instead she writes the word "happy" on her frontlet, and bids the world believe in the truth of the assertion—but the world knows better!

We lay down the book with a feeling of sorrowful understanding and pity for the starved existence Miss Sinclair, with sure hand, has depicted for us; with a feeling of almost reverent admiration for Miss Sinclair's gift. She has so much more than psychological insight; she has a technique which has no rival and a style that is beyond praise. Of the books that have been produced during the last ten years, books most of which are as long-lived as the grass of the field—I have most hope that this will survive to gladden our children and our children's children; for of all these books it comes the nearest to life.

* "Mary Olivier—a Life." By May Sinclair. 7s. net. (Cassell.)—"Consequences." By E. M. Delafield. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "Consequences" Elizabeth Delafield has taken a stride forward. In her other novels, brilliant as they were, she was careless of form, of the unities, of everything but the amusing presentment of persons, subtly, hardly, sharply drawn—she wrote, in fact, with a diamond point. In this book proportion is observed, the shape of the story is excellent and she begins at the beginning of the narrative and ends at the end of it—or so nearly as doesn't matter.

The new school of writers, that school of which Miss Delafield is a leader, makes its effects by eschewing sentiment (labelled by it—sentimentality), and giving in its place relevant detail. It rigorously excludes the personal element—a step in the right direction; but the impression made is often too hard, too cold. Austerity is an excellent thing, but so utterly does this school deny itself tenderness and charm that to read their books is like wandering among rocks on which no green thing grows.

But sentiment is a part of life, a force which has results, which is always modifying, changing us. The pendulum has swung from the Victorian over-emphasis of surface emotion to the other extreme; but the pendulum fortunately is never still and its passage from extreme to extreme gives us the beat of life.

From this grim picture that Miss Delafield has painted, we feel that she has unconsciously withheld a number of modifying and softening lights. She is mortally afraid of blurring the edge; but this Alex who was passion incarnate would, in spite of her awkward tiresomeness—and how marvellously that is presented—have aroused some helpful affections, received some kindliness in her passage through life. She would have had lesser loves, not wholly satisfying, but which would have made her existence less utterly desolate. If these had been shown the picture would still have been unbearably poignant, but it would have been life, life which bestows on the most miserable, the most forlorn, the warmth of the sun and the sweetness of sleep and dreams.

A very fine book, by far the finest this young writer has given us. Gloomy, tragic, remorseless, it must have required courage of a high order to offer it to a world that prefers laughter to tears, and a slight, light thing to bitter irony. But Miss Delafield would not deserve her place in the front ranks of present-day literature, if she had not this courage, unconscious of itself, the courage of the leader.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP.*

These are delightful letters, unpremeditated and casual and conversational. Scott Holland's friendship with Miss Mary Gladstone, afterwards Mrs. Harry Drew, led to a correspondence between them. Some of his letters are reserved for his biography; those printed in this thin volume are sufficient, however, to reveal the writer's exuberant personality, his intimacy with the Gladstone family, and his power of talking about things from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar in Lebanon, from lost shirts to vacant bishoprics. Their style, so far as they have any style, is that of the sermons. Holland rarely used one adjective if he could use half a dozen. If he has to sympathise with his correspondent's father in 1884, struggling with the House of Commons, he can only "think of what your father has to endure in this roaring, screaming, cruel, ugly, bitter, base, dirty rough-and-tumble." But now and then he shows a journalistic power of description. One of the vivid passages in the book is the picture of camels at Smyrna:

"They look overwhelmed with the pathos of their position; their skins don't fit; their joints come anywhere and anyhow; their hair seems to have been used up by John the Baptist, who wanted so much that he has only left them the locks and tufts, that were too bad even for him; they despair of knowing how their necks will stick on another minute; they feel sure they are being led on some hopelessly futile errand; they are almost determined to lie down and die at every step; but they put it off for one step more; woebegone old fossils, disastrous accidents who ought to have perished with the first failure of Nature, before she had got her hand in—cross-grained, plaintive, stupid, desolate blunders—there they roam, ragged, tufted eyesores—wearily plodding on some endless task."

His admiration for Mr. Gladstone is unrestrained, but it does not prevent him now and then from gentle criticism, as, e.g. over the Gordon episode. He is a Radical, but in 1895 he thinks that "the entire moral prophetic force that once rose to your father's touch has been sucked out of the older Liberalism by the Socialist movement," and, in 1917, he writes: "This Dardanelles report is rather smashing to poor Asquith. It reveals him at his worst."

The literary criticisms are few. The "Blue Bird" is "thin and cheap and wrong"; "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is "a most fruitful and masterly bit of work"; "Boys and Masters" is "the finest book I ever read"; Morley in the "Recollections," is "rather inhuman and complacent"; and so on. It is the vital quality in the letters which tells, not their literary interest. Holland knew and liked human beings more than books.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "A Forty Years' Friendship: Letters from the late Henry Scott Holland to Mrs. Drew." Edited by S. L. Ollard. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

TWO SEEKERS.*

The many books on Reconstruction that are now pouring from the press fall (broadly speaking) into two classes. The one class exalts Organisation, and insists that a new social order can only be reached through the avenues of certain well-defined programmes; while the other class troubles itself little about institutions, but looks for a new *spirit* to recreate the world. "Given the right organisations, we shall attain the right spirit," argues the first. "Give us the right spirit, and the organisations will take care of themselves," replies the second. "God helps those who help themselves" is the watchword of the one. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," is the amulet of the other. The latter creed is of course profoundly irritating to those very practical people who hold by the former. And to some extent we may sympathise with the practical man's attitude in this matter. For many of those who talk most glibly about "seeking first the kingdom," are in truth seeking no kingdom at all, but are merely endeavouring to cloak their real indolence with an assumption of religious or moral fervour. But, while we may share all the practical man's contempt for the pseudo-idealist, the fact nevertheless remains that it is the true idealist who is, in the long run, the only genuine reformer. To the practical man, for instance, the Sermon on the Mount savours of madness; and yet if ever Christianity were generally accepted by mankind, in fact as well as in theory, it would prove itself to be, not only the ideal of a visionary, but of all practical systems of economics the most practical.

These few reflections are suggested by the two volumes which lie before us. The two books, widely different as they are in style and in minor details of outlook, are fundamentally alike in this: they are both pleas for a new spirit, which alone, the authors maintain, can save men from the tyranny of the philosophies and of the machines which they themselves have made. Neither Mr. Cannan nor Mr. Massingham believes in "direct action"; neither sees a short cut to the Millennium; neither pins his faith to any party, or has any tangible proposals to offer for the reshaping of the social fabric. Mr. Cannan, it is true, is less sweeping in some of his strictures than is Mr. Massingham, who has all "the first fine careless rapture" of youth. Mr. Cannan does not altogether despair of some of our

* "The Anatomy of Society." By Gilbert Cannan. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"People and Things." By H. J. Massingham. 6s. net. (Headley Bros.)

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PELMANISING BRITAIN.

By the Right Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON.

The following are extracts from an analysis of Pelmanism which has appeared as an announcement in the "English Review."

I AM not at all surprised to learn that Pelmanism is declared by many men who have fought in the war to have made them more efficient at their tasks: that it has made officers more capable of quick and right decision, sentries and look-out men better watchers; fighters more intelligent and actually more brave.

For "presence of mind," confessedly the most valuable possession in danger, consists just in being mentally all alive; and the man so describable is he who both observes vividly and recalls and connects with certitude all the relevant things. And Pelmanism, positing the habit of alert observation as the first requisite in cultivating memory, sets up by its mental gymnastic an increased faculty of retention—that spontaneous functioning of memory which is the condition of intellectual efficiency.

This power of helping not only the average man, but men above and men below the average, I find to be the outcome of long experience on the part of those who have framed and developed the system. It has grown up through many years, always under revision; and a comparison of the textbooks of 1914 with those of 1918 reveals much adaptation even in those four years. Some points appear to be stressed more; some less; but the whole apparatus is enriched and enlarged. And the skilled teachers who apply it, being faced by an endless variety of mental cases, have had to be more than simple communicators of knowledge. One of the outstanding values of the system is its continuous elicitation of the special difficulties, defects, peculiarities or requirements of the individual student—a thing not contemplated at all in academic education, generally speaking.

Of necessity, it stands for no "school" of opinion. Emphatically it turns away from the old ideal of education as a simple administering of doses of knowledge, and plumps for the modern ideal of fitting minds to acquire and to use knowledge. And this of course means that the student has to work his mind as the gymnast works his muscles. This is not a set of "tips for efficiency" that will operate like tabloids or the magic wishing-cap; it is a course of mental training in the sense of mental exercise. But neither is it a recondite or forbidding discipline above the heads of the many. It is simply a progressive method by which all men of ordinary education and ordinary capacity who are content to make trouble for a good and can profit mentally to an indefinite extent. And the testimonials come alike from men of the professional classes and men of business, men and women of the profession, men and women students, men of letters, soldiers and sailors.

Difficult cases receive separate and skilled attention, with markedly good results. The gain that may thus accrue to a multitude of minds can hardly be exaggerated. One of the fundamentals of Pelmanism is its psychological instruction for observation. All through my life I have been struck by the commonness of imperfect attention and observation in all sorts of circumstances, and have of course myself suffered from it to some extent. In youth especially I was impressed by the number of instances in which spoken words were inaccurately reported and even ascribed to the wrong persons, to say nothing of the common laxity of literary quotations. All of these laxities are so general that many people can testify how rare is the experience of finding any episode or transaction of which one happens to have exact knowledge correctly reported in a newspaper account of it.

One of the most notable testimonials to the system that I have seen is the confession of one student that it opened his eyes to the charm of descriptive poetry—a special exercise having revealed to him what a multiplicity of images a poem could convey. Given such an awakening, one can see how further æsthetic receptivity could come into play, the ministry of rhythm coming into action when diction had begun to be duly appreciated. And the habit of observation, brought to bear on pictures on the analytic lines laid down by Pelmanism in that connection, is similarly likely to develop the colour sense, which, as many can testify, grows by using.

What can thus be done for immature and imperfectly trained intelligences can, further, be done in due degree for minds tending to grow "stale," as the athletes say—minds which have prematurely consented to be old, forgoing vigorous memory as men forgo athletic exercise with advancing years. As calculated exercise, however, can long keep the muscles relatively supple and the health relatively good, so a deliberate gymnastic, in which the elderly man is under no apparent disability through his age, can restore efficiency of memory to an indefinite degree. That attained, mental recuperation in general ensues; the elderly man is kept "fit" in mind, with the advantage of his experience in his favour.

"Si la jeunesse savait;
Si la veillesse pouvait,"

says the sad French refrain. For Pelmanism it can be claimed that it goes as far as science can, yet plans to meet both aspirations. To youth it lends guidance; to age which is not positively decrepit it restores intellectual force by positing the proper treatment.

So it is really not unwarrantable to claim, as has been claimed, that Pelmanism is a new kind of university. Pelmanism earns the title in virtue of the universal utility of its discipline as well as of its "open door"—the Post Office—to students in every part of the world.

* * * * *

Pelmanism, in so far as I have been able to trace its history, works more and more up to an ideal in which culture is seen to be as important as economic success, and character to be a vital element in both, and the alert use of the mental faculties to be the means of the achievement of all alike.

Therefore I look to the institution with great hopefulness for the preparation of a posterity wiser than our own age.

* * * * *

A predominantly industrial nation, we are facing colossal new problems of fiscal and industrial policy and finance with no larger measure of economic enlightenment than availed with difficulty for the collective handling of those of the past. The amount of sheer nescience, sheer incompetence for economic thought, that was revealed in much of the election talk about indemnities, was truly portentous. One asked oneself, How can such minds pass a sound political judgment of any kind? How is the Ship of State to be handled in such weather with such a crew, whoever may be on the bridge or at the helm?

Pelmanism necessarily takes no side in politics or political disputes; but I avow without hesitation that I would far more confidently leave any political problems to the handling of a Pelmanised community than to that of one still for the most part lacking that discipline. And as the community seems to be becoming Pelmanised at a fairly rapid rate, the outlook is thus on the whole hopeful.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free, by any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

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existing institutions. They are cisterns that may hold clean water as well as they have held dirty—only it is our business to change the water. Mr. Massingham, on the other hand, would seem to argue that new wine must of necessity be poured into new wine-skins. The new spirit must inevitably call for a new set of institutions. But neither writer (as already suggested) is primarily concerned with the precise moulds into which the new spirit must flow; both of them are content with urging the necessity of the new spirit itself.

What, then, is this new spirit to be? Here, we are bound to confess, when it comes to the point of analysis, the two volumes are found once again to be alike in that they both leave a somewhat vague impression in the mind. There are, of course, things in each book that do stand out clearly. Mr. Cannan, for example, has no doubt as to what the new spirit must be in the relationships between man and woman. It will have to be a spirit of greater freedom and tolerance, a spirit of flexibility that will cut right athwart the rigid institution of the legal marriage. He has the full courage of his convictions; and on other questions besides this his ideas will provoke many readers to challenge.

Mr. Massingham has a rather more deliberate line of argument than Mr. Cannan; but, running as it does through a rather too ornate and tortured style, overgrown with thickets of quotation, it is as difficult to follow precisely as it is to keep to a faint footpath through a dense and tangled forest. However, the true lover of nature rarely troubles if he misses the track; it is the forest itself that counts. Similarly, we do not mind constantly losing the thread of Mr. Massingham's argument, because his wood (though it badly needs thinning) has many trees of suggestive and sometimes beautiful thoughts. Though he is no imitator, he is a disciple of William Morris, and the new spirit he desires to see (so far as we can define it) is a spirit that can only be generated by a growth of taste and by a general awakening to the sense of form. Just as the true artist, possessing this sense of form, learns by instinct how to adapt his particular gifts to his particular medium, and just as he refuses to prostitute his art by conforming to popular and commercial standards, so must each man learn to be an artist in the medium of living, and decline to submit to conventional institutions and habits of thought and life that do injustice and violence to his true self. Such (briefly and inadequately outlined) is what we take to be the essence of Mr. Massingham's thesis.

But, once again, the value of these two books (and of others like them) does not lie in any particular line of argument which they present. Their value springs rather from the sense of urgency which they create in the mind of the reader—the urgency of thinking our way honestly and fearlessly through the manifold problems that perplex our age. Both of the volumes under consideration breathe the sincerity of men who have earnestly set themselves to this high task; and, if they succeed in actually resolving none of our own doubts and difficulties, they do at least compel us to think for ourselves. And is not that, after all, the cardinal virtue in literature of this kind?

GILBERT THOMAS.

VISION AND IMAGINATION.*

Recorders of mystical experience are apt to express themselves mysteriously. Some little time ago I read a little book of reveries by W. B. Yeats; in fact, I made shift to review it; but I must confess I understood very little of it. No charge of obscurity, however, can be brought against A. E. (used it not, by the way, to be Æ?), who writes of his spiritual adventures with the same lucidity as he writes of the organisation of agriculture: a difficult task, the successful accomplishment of which is evidence both of the clarity of his mind and of his mastery of the art of writing. He himself is well aware of its difficulty:

> "That sense of divinity ever present in act or thought my words do not communicate. The ecstatic, half-articulate, with broken words, can make us feel the kingdom of heaven is within him. I choose words with reverence but speak from recollection, and one day does not utter to another its own wisdom. Our highest moments in life are often those of which we hold thereafter the vaguest memories. We may have a momentary illumination, yet retain almost as little of its reality as ocean keeps the track of a great vessel which went over its waters. . . . I desire to be precise."

And admirably precise is just what, most often, he is. He may not have conveyed to us all that he wished to convey; he is himself the best judge as to that. But certainly he cannot be accused of vagueness.

Nor can there be any doubt of his absolute sincerity. Maurice Hewlett's "Lore of Proserpine" may be—it reads as though it were—an authentic history of abnormal experiences; or it may be, and probably is, an admirably executed *tour de force*. To read "The Candle of Vision" produces no such hesitation in judgment. A. E. has unquestionably had the experiences which he relates. Where there is room for doubt is in the interpretation of those experiences.

From boyhood A. E. has possessed a power of vision akin to that of Blake and other famous mystics. The question is, what is the source of that power. An imagination unusually sensitive, is the obvious answer. But A. E. will have none of it. He does not undervalue imagination: On the contrary, he rates it higher than the power of vision from which he distinguishes it, because imagination is the rare possession of the few while the power of vision, he holds, may be anybody's for the willing; but he maintains that, while imagination is a subjective and personal thing, the world of his vision is a real, concrete and objective world, that the fantastic or divinely beautiful beings who inhabit it have an authentic existence, and that one can get into touch with that world "by sustained meditation and by focussing the will to a burning-point." He has known quite unimaginative people who have done this.

The arguments by which he supports his theory—which is more than a theory, a conviction—are based on the inadequacy of the merely psychological explanations of these visionary experiences. Personal memory, inherited memory, thought transference will not account for them. There is not sufficient material in the mind to create the world of vision; therefore, it must have an external existence, and the envelope of that existence is the universal mind, or the mind of the Earth. Such, crudely put, is his reasoning. When, for instance, on the site of some ancient building, castle or monastery, of which now only a few ruins remain, he sees the building as it was in its completeness, and the men and women who inhabited it going in and out, he is neither imagining nor remembering. He is seeing, and it is the Earth that is remembering.

It is an interesting idea, but it provokes numerous questions. In the first place, how is one to be sure that what he sees is an accurate reproduction of the old life? Again, if, as A. E. holds, no phase of the world's life ever ceases to exist, but lives eternally in the memory of the Earth, why should not one who has got back to a certain moment continue to live his life as from that moment? A. E., indeed, does not say that he could not, but all the visions to which he refers appear to have been of short duration. It is curious, too, that all these visions, where they are not of a world altogether divine or demonic, are of moments in the world's history which it is the convention to call heroic. One scents the romantic fallacy here.

One feels indeed that though A. E.'s ideas are fascinating, his reasoning is not flawless. It is true that few recorded visionary experiences could be accounted for by memory alone. It may be plausibly maintained that many of them are beyond the scope of ordinary imagination. But memory and imagination in partnership, working with analogy for tool, are a powerful creative combination. Science certainly has as yet no satisfying explanation for many phenomena the actuality of which only the prejudiced deny; but science has explained many things once believed to be beyond human comprehension, and science is very young.

* "The Candle of Vision." By A. E. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

However, scepticism the most deeply rooted cannot mar enjoyment of such writing as this:

"When there is divine vision the mortal is made dark and blind with glory and, in its fiery fusion with the spirit, reason is abased or bewildered, or spreads too feeble a net to capture Leviathan, for often we cannot after translate to ourselves in memory what the spirit said, though every faculty is eager to gather what is left after the visitation, even as the rabble in eastern legend scramble to pick up the gold showered in the passing of the king."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

As originally planned it was intended that this work should be completed in two volumes, but on account of the abundance of the material and the very extensive bibliographies the publishers were obliged to extend it to three volumes. This division into volumes the editors state "should not be taken to offer a classification of the subject." The real classification is under the three following headings: "Colonial and Revolutionary Literature"; "Early National Literature"; and "Later National Literature." The first volume contained the first and part of the second and the present volume its continuation and the beginning of the concluding section, viz., the history of the later national literature. As in the former volume, so in this the bibliographies take up more than a third of its contents. Extensive as this is, it is not, apparently, exhaustive, for no account is taken of this journal's article on the "Personal Recollections of Thoreau," by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson (June, 1917), nor of the article on "Hawthorne," in 1904, nor of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's delightful book, "My Beloved South." The authors and subjects dealt with in the present volume are "Thoreau"; "Hawthorne"; "Longfellow"; "Whittier"; "Poe"; "Publicists and Orators, 1800–1850"; "Webster"; "Writers on American History, 1783–1850"; "Prescott and Motley"; "Early Humorists"; "Magazines, Annuals, and "Gift-Books, 1783–1850"; "Newspapers, 1775–1860"; "Divines and Moralists, 1783–1860"; "Writers of Familiar Verse" (with Holmes as the chief and the best exponent); "Lowell." The preceding are included in the section "Early National Literature." Then follow, as belonging to "Later National Literature": "Whitman"; "Poets of the Civil War: The North"; "Poets of the Civil War: The South"; "The New South: Lanier"; "Dialect Writers"; "The Short Story"; "Books for Children."

So English some of the names of the American authors are, so intimately, appreciatively and affectionately are they blended with our earliest and happiest recollections that we almost unconsciously appropriate their works and look upon them as our common inheritance as the Americans do those of our Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley and others. When one contemplates how mightier might have been our present mighty Empire had the third George been less obstinate and his advisers more far-seeing and less arrogant, painfully one is impelled to echo Whittier's words:

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

There are many extremely interesting chapters in this work. Such a one as "Divines and Moralists" might not seem to offer much attraction and yet the contrary is the case. It is of very considerable, though not of particularly, literary interest.

Dr. MacMechan, who writes on Thoreau, trusting probably to his knowledge of him, does not appear to have

* "A History of American Literature." Edited by W. P. Trent, Professor of English Literature in Columbia University; John Erskine, Professor of English in Columbia University; Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Illinois; Carl Van Doren, Head Master of the Brearley School. Vol. II. 17s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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The Westminster Gazette says:—"A remarkably ingenious contribution to a controversy which has often raged acutely is due to the intuition of Miss Mary Kavanagh. She argues with much force that Edwin Drood comes back into the book as Tartar, and it is difficult to see that her reading of several of the Dickens chapters is incorrect."

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recently read his author, for one notes many slips, slight, no doubt, but slips all the same. He states (page 3) that the "large and solid academic basis of Thoreau's culture is not generally observed." This is negatived by the fact that Mr. H. S. Salt does in his "Life of Thoreau" ("Great Writers" series) note this detail. On the same page we read that "his biographers seem inclined to slur over" an episode after Thoreau's college days "perhaps from a false sense of the dignity of biography, and that is the two years . . . which Thoreau spent under Emerson's roof." This episode is duly noticed by both Sanborn and Salt. Again, the author states that "some friend" paid Thoreau's poll tax when the latter was lodged in jail for refusing to pay it. The "friend" as a matter of fact was his sister. One or two other inaccuracies there are which might have been obviated by a reference to "Walden."

Professor Erskine's fine article on Hawthorne stresses the latter's indebtedness to transcendentalism, averring that "Hawthorne can hardly be understood apart from the current of transcendentalism in which his genius was formed." This point of view seems to be confirmed from a consideration of Hawthorne's romances: "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance" and "The Marble Faun," or as it is known in the English edition, "Transformation." In these novels, says Professor Erskine, Hawthorne "drew his inspiration . . . not so much from their [the transcendentalists'] ideas as from the neglected but inevitable conclusions of their ideas." The transcendental ideas which "occupied Hawthorne's thought" were the doctrines elaborated by Emerson in his essays on "Self Reliance," "Compensation," and that expressed in "Circles." "Hester Prynne . . . in 'The Scarlet Letter,' illustrates self-reliance in a way that some Emersonians may have found not altogether comfortable." "The House of the Seven Gables" "is . . . a characteristic criticism of self-reliance and of compensation . . . not at first disturbing, but in none of his books does he take more essential issue with Alcott and Emerson." In "The Blithedale Romance," "Hollingsworth illustrates his [Hawthorne's] fear of tampering with the natural order of things, especially by organised reform; and Zenobia illustrates his reflections on self-reliance, especially where woman is concerned."

Hollingsworth, the leading male character in "The Blithedale Romance," is obsessed with the idea of reforming criminals by an appeal to their higher instincts. "Hawthorne observed that such philanthropy, admirable in its intention, often proceeded on slight knowledge of the facts. He ought to have commenced his investigation of the subject by penetrating some huge sin in his proper person and examining the condition of his higher instincts."

"As a matter of fact," Professor Erskine comments, "Hollingsworth does ruin two lives, Zenobia's and Priscilla's, in the selfish pursuit of his philanthropic ideal, and, if he had chosen, might well have furnished the state of his own heart for examination."

The writer appears to have overlooked the fact that Hollingsworth did examine his own heart, as may be gathered from the following extract from the romance:

> "Up to this moment," I inquired, "how many criminals have you reformed?"
>
> "Not one," said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed to the ground. "Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer."
>
> Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him; for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek, with which Zenobia had spoken those words: "Tell him he has murdered me."

Of Poe, Dr. Campbell states that his fame abroad is admittedly larger than that of any other American writer, but that "his vogue has been steadily growing among his own people." His fame as a poet and as a writer of the short story has perhaps overshadowed his position as a critic. "Assuredly," says the writer, "no other American critic of his day, save Lowell, may take rank above him." Few there are who know his "The Poetic Principle," his "Philosophy of Composition," and his "Rationale of Verse," who will dispute this verdict.

Poetry he defined as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," and in his "poems of extraordinary worth," which Dr. Campbell rightly affirms "are exceedingly few," his achievement certainly did not fall short of this definition. His pronouncement that a long poem is a "contradiction in terms" has been derided, but he had some support from Coleridge, who stated that "a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry," and in this connection a statement of Whitman is interesting:

> "Towards the last I had among much else look'd over Edgar Poe's poems—of which I was not an admirer, tho' I always saw that beyond their limited range of melody . . . they were melodious expressions, and perhaps never excell'd ones of certain pronounc'd phases of human mortality." [Elsewhere he speaks of "a demoniac undertone beyond every page of his verses."]

He goes on:

> "But I was repaid in Poe's prose by the idea that . . . there can be no such thing as a long poem. The same thought had been haunting my mind before, but Poe's argument, though short, work'd the sum and proved it to me."

Much more in justice to the book remains to be said, but I have greatly overshot the limit prescribed; besides, "night's wheels are rattling fast over me—and it is time to close."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

UNCLE REMUS.*

It is with a feeling of eagerness that one opens a biography of the author of "Uncle Remus"; and when one turns the last page of the present volume there remains a sensation of relief that the book has left us with the clear portrait of a simple-hearted, honest man, and we know that we need not reconstruct our preconceived idea of this writer who charmed our childhood.

It is no unusual thing for a man who has gained success in a reasonable manner by being himself and following his own taste, to be suspected of being something more scientific, more profound. So the teller of the old negro stories of Brer Rabbit and his circle was approached by learned professors as a folk-lorist, and was even lured for a while into serious interest in myths and legends as "evidences" rather than as stories; but it pleases us to know that he in time pushed away the part that was artificial to him and remained, rightly, the man who had loved and remembered the stories as stories: "the folk-lore branch of the subject I gladly leave to those who think they know something about it. My own utter ignorance I confess without a pang."

But an earlier phase than this is one the most interesting portions of the book—the beginnings of the young journalist, who had poverty, awkwardness, shyness and a head of fiery red hair to contend with. He was but fourteen years old when he felt that he "must be up and doing," and answered an advertisement for a boy to learn the printer's trade. The advertiser was the editor of a new paper, *The Countryman*, and the bargain was soon made. Young Joel's patron was, as the boy later described him, "a miscellaneous genius,"

> "who owned and successfully operated a plantation settlement, which comprised a hat factory, a tannery, a distillery, and a printing-plant. There were one hundred and twenty slaves on the plantation, and their quarters were ranged behind the J. A. Turner home." . . . "When the work and play of the day were ended and the glow of the light-wood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. . . . The boy unconsciously absorbed their fables and their ballads, and the soft elisions of their speech left an indelible imprint upon the plastic tablets of his memory."

Here, indeed, was Uncle Remus in the making. Here, too, while setting up the type for the *Countryman* he surreptitiously added contributions to its columns, and so paved

* "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris." By Julia Collier Harris. With Portraits and Illustrations. 18s. net. (Constable.)

the way for the later career of journalism. In 1870 Joel Chandler Harris received an offer of a post on the *Savannah Morning News*, and made a big step towards success. One of his future colleagues describes the introduction to the new circle:

"I shall never forget the first night Colonel Estill brought Joe Harris up into the composing-room and sanctum, and introduced him to us all. We thought at the time he was the greenest, gawkiest-looking specimen of humanity our eyes had ever rested upon. He was of small stature, red-haired, freckle-faced, and looked a typical backwoods youth. . . . But that night, when Harris's copy came up, we knew he was a writer of more than ordinary ability."

Poor Joel, he suffered for his red hair, as most red-headed boys have to. One protest from a colleague is quoted:

"Whenever our friend Harris makes a hit at any of the State papers, the editor of the worsted journal invariably falls back on that old, stale, weather-beaten and worn-out repartee, 'red-head.' J. C. has one consolation—if his hair *is* red, it is a durned sight *more than* their articles are."

The quiet tale of Joel Chandler Harris's uneventful life is given here in great detail, and the volume would, we think, have been more forceful had the biographer been less generous with her material. But the portrait of the man is very distinct, his kindliness, his honesty and his humour—and we can imagine his eyes twinkling if he could have known that "at least three localities" are pointed out as his birthplace.

FORM IN POETRY.*

In a recent volume of essays, directed towards a discussion of the conflicting elements of tradition and change, the present writer ventured to express his apprehension lest the prevailing effort after novelty should betray young writers of poetry into a fatal disregard of the claims of Form; and he quoted, in support of his fear, a number of literary eccentricities which had been widely acclaimed as beauties. His critics in reply were wonderfully indulgent to his anxiety, but hastened to assure him that he was really making a considerable fuss about very little. The eccentrics, they said in effect, were a very small group, and for the most part insignificant. They in no way represented the general trend of modern verse, which was just as sensitive to Form as any of its predecessors. All the really representative poets of the younger school, they added, kept the claims of Form assiduously before them in every new experiment they made. "The Form alone" would always be the eloquent vindication of art.

The assurance, if not always convincing, was encouraging; and the four volumes of poetry here to be considered add evidence to argument. They are all by writers of the newer school, and they are all extremely sensitive to Form. Their aim is consistently the expression of beauty, and their methods are melody and charm. They philosophise life rather than present it in rough fragments and snapshots, and the success of their achievement is enough to satisfy any champion of tradition that the ways of dignity and grace are still regarded as the proper path to fame.

Mr. John Drinkwater needs no fresh commendation; the subtle beauty and suggestiveness of his work were universally recognised from the first. I gather that some of the younger generation are inclined to make light of his mellow Wordsworthianism, his persistent quest and discovery of beauty in the unideal aspects of common life, his transfiguration—shall we say?—of tranquil rusticity. If they are, they are wrong. The poet justifies himself in every stanza. It need not be denied that his themes are often homely to the point of bareness, but the fire of imagination and of interpretation never fails to light them

* "Loyalties." By John Drinkwater. 3s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Sword." By G. O. Warren. 6s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Charing Cross." By Cecil Roberts. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Symphonie Symbolique." By Edmund John. 5s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

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up. Reality to him lies, not in brief heroic episodes, but in the long continuity of familiar association:

"It is strange how we travel the wide world over,
And see great churches and foreign streets,
And armies a-foot and kings of wonder,
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets
That grave historians will pen
To ferment the brains of simple men,

"And all the time the heart remembers
The quiet habit of one far place,
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,
The glance of a dear familiar face,
And there is the true cosmopolis,
While the thronging world a phantom is."

In the same spirit, in an exquisite poem which has almost converted one sceptic to the uses of *vers libre*, he registers the impression of a single moment, when entering a well-known room in the dark, he was seized by a sudden fear, and then in the next instant restored to a sense of companionship and comfort. And he feels that it must be so with death, and that those who have no cause to fear from a knowledge of wrong, may await even that final separation without dismay:

"And I knew that God
Must understand that we go
To death as little children,
Desiring love so simply, and love's defence,
And that He would be a barren god, without humour,
To cheat so little, so wistful a desire,
That He created
In us, in our childishness . . .
And I may never again be sure of this,
But there, for a moment,
In the candlelight,
Standing at the door,
I knew."

It is indeed in momentary flashes of inspiration alone that all true light is granted to the wandering soul; and in these frequent revelations of the mystic meaning of life's commonest things Mr. Drinkwater fulfils a high function of poetry with the sure touch of the interpreter and the artist alike.

Mrs. Fiske Warren is also an interpretative poet, and the solace of her Muse is found in the consolation of faith. She writes under the heavy shadow of sorrow and loss, and her imagery is continually drawn from that of the Christian religion. She has great fervour and a glowing faith, and her poetry is in the true succession from Vaughan and Christina Rossetti:

"My Soul lives not in East or West,
For when upon the Tree
Christ turned Him to the hungry thief,
He whispered, too, to me.

"And I, who write these words to-day,
Walked on the Mount with Him.
I touched His garment blazing white
While all the worlds grew dim.

"And now beneath my coat of silk,
Thrilling within my side,
Unhealing, deep and bittersweet
His self-same wound I hide."

Her verse never falls below a worthy level of vision and of utterance. It should find its way into many a treasury of devotion, and prove of spiritual comfort to all who read it.

Mr. Cecil Roberts's poetry has been often extolled in these pages, and not seldom by the present writer, so that it is difficult to have to confess that the theme of his latest volume seems scarcely to draw him out at his best. He is writing of the seamy side of war, and it is needless to say of so honest an artist that he does not allow himself for a moment to indulge any false sentiment about the "ennobling influence of militarism." He has himself been too near to the heart of war to cherish any illusions, and he even refuses the conventional consolations in the face of loss. He turns over a bundle of letters, condoling on the death of a friend, and their "vacant chaff well-meant for grain" only accentuates the bitterness:

"But when I read these letters, then I know
You will not come again, nor does their praise
Lighten the heaviness of this great blow.
I cannot kiss your brow, nor see the place
Where they have left you; as they write of fame,
Your 'splendid gift,' my only thought is this—
What will they care ten years hence for your name?
Who cares a damn who died at Salamis?"

In the poem that gives its name to the volume there is fine stuff, tense with feeling, in the picture of the Red Cross cars rolling out of Charing Cross Station with their freight of human wreckage. Everywhere in the book there is strong vital impression, strongly uttered; but upon the whole Mr. Cecil Roberts's talent seems trained to more idealistic ends:

"Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee."

The echoes of war will soon die out of contemporary verse, and leave it to its native dream.

Edmund John, the last of our four poets, was one of those sacrificed untimely to the war; he died in February, 1917, of heart disease contracted upon active service. This, his last poem, is an attempt to translate Tschaikowski's "Symphonie Symbolique" into poetry, or rather to translate the first three movements, for he left the fourth movement untouched. It is a very notable piece of work, beautifully served with symbolic illustrations by Miss Stella Langdale. It requires a trained musician to judge how far Edmund John's poem interprets the soul of Tschaikowski's music, but no lover of poetry can doubt that he succeeded in producing a fervid, eager, deeply-moving work of art. His poem is full of melody, of colour, and of rich, sensuous imagery. It palpitates with feeling. It is intensely, compellingly alive:

"I stretch out yearning arms. . . . I hardly dare
Hold your gold fragrant body, young and bare,
Against me. . . . Ah, sweet God! Mine, mine at last—
I hold you, crush you, almost desperately
In my love's hunger, and in agony
Lest you slip back again into the past.

"The world sways for a moment in a mist
Of stars and leaves and colours night has kist;
Then dim nocturnal odours call and thrill
From the soft couch of myrtles deep and low—
O come, O come to me, beloved, although
A sword shall lie between us if you will."

Contrast this perfervid "Attainment" with the elusive melancholy of "The Quest":

"The poplars are a mystic wall
Of whispering Titans, and a pall
Of vapour like a breath of sleep
Dreams where the violet shadows fall.

"The faun is dancing in a sea
Of opal, swift, illusively—
Pagan, half god, half animal,
With Pan's eyes lit by fantasy."

Here is music interpreted in its own language. It is grievous to reflect that so exquisite a voice is silenced in the universal tragedy of the world.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Novel Notes.

MR. STANDFAST. By John Buchan. 7s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is breathlessness, here is ecstasy, high and proud adventuring, patriotism, comradeship, the outwitting of the arch outwitter, the breaking of a spy—a super-head-centre of German intrigue, all in the best and most rollicking kind of good form and zest. The hero is Dick Hannay, General Dick Hannay, already known to us, and dear old

dyspeptic Blenkiron is with him, now cured of his dyspepsia, and with them Lady May Lamington, a lovely lady of eighteen—or is it nineteen ?—no matter, she is more than a match for the cleverest and most sinister fellow in Europe, besides bowling big Dick Hannay head over heels at first sight. There is a conscientious objector who is as sincere and conscientious in his objecting as he is in his patriotism, and who finally finds an heroic death carrying dispatches for Hannay in the great Spring Defensive of 1918. And there is also our good Pienaar, who has shaved his beard, told the proper lies about his years, and got into the Air Force. becoming an ace of aces. Perhaps the best moment of this breathless tale recounts how in our greatest hour of danger outside Amiens, our line was so tired and so thin and so stretched that a resolute thrust by the Germans would have pulverised it, and the one hope was to keep the enemy's air scouts out of the air so that they could not give away our weakness. The French are to take over our line in twelve hours. Ten hours, eight hours, six hours . . . then, alas, up comes a German squadron of scouts. Up go our airmen to prevent them getting back with the fatal news. All are lost in clouds and Hun after Hun goes down—five in all . . . we breathe again. Then high up the sixth unsuspected Hun is seen streaking for his own lines like a hunted cat along a garden wall. Ruin . . . no! Up darts a British machine, driven by poor maimed Pienaar and finally, unable to stop the brilliant German Lensch, he hurls his machine bodily on to him, and both hawk and bittern come down together, and the British are saved! What a wealth of exciting adventure and stirring incident go to the making of the story—air raids on London, disguised secret agents, escapes, arrests, foilings, thwartings, up and down in Scotland, England, Switzerland, Italy, France, with the good cause triumphing at last. Admirably written, full of life and colour and movement, " Mr. Standfast " is as ingenious and thrilling a war story as any we have had.

JINNY THE CARRIER. By Israel Zangwill. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

It is with some little surprise that one reads Mr. Zangwill's preface and takes in his statement that this is his first novel since the end of last century. It is quite true, though hard to realise, that the dozen novels that stand in Mr. Zangwill's name and to his credit in the lists of British fiction are all of the nineteenth century. So much the more gladly do we welcome him back to give us pleasure. His present inspiration comes out of Essex, the rural heart of Essex in the year of the Great Exhibition, that moment when the very heart of the Victorian era beat at its strongest. " Jinny " is the granddaughter of a very aged grandfather, who had been a carrier serving the countryside with a tilted cart, he and his family before him, for a span of a hundred years. Now in his extreme age, Jinny drives old Methusalem, and does the ancient rounds to the complete satisfaction of all customers. Pretty, witty, unschooled, fresh and wise in heart, hard working and sweet-tempered with just the acid flavour of the first mellowed apple on an early ripening tree in August, she is a real person and with her wilfulness without caprice and steadfastness without tameness, she captivates us completely. The old peasants, Caleb and Martha Flynt, the arid intensity of the religion of the " Peculiars," the antics of the actor-manager-showman Flippance, the pictures of the life of Essex, make a harmonious background against which Jinny's struggle as carrier and lover is cunningly portrayed. Her lover, Will Flynt, is less sympathetic—a raw and arrogant fellow in his way, though strongly human—he is hardly good enough for laughing Jinny who is not lazy or languid. His harsh judgment of her, his successful attempt to ruin her carrying business with his smart coach and pair of fine black horses, his stubborn petulance, do not altogether allow us to feel as easy as Mr. Zangwill in his belief that Jinny, when she accepts him, will be happy ever after.

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ACROSS THE STREAM. By E. F. Benson. 7s. net. (John Murray.)

This book is so obviously a reflection of Mr. Benson's own views on spiritualistic phenomena that it is impossible to dissociate the author from the story. Mr. Benson takes the line of least resistance, and whilst admitting the possibility, even the probability, of spirit communication, is violently opposed to the forcing of such manifestations. In the figure of Archie Davidstow he attempts to point a fine moral, the essence of which is a warning that not all the communications vouchsafed to mediumistic humans are for the good of the latter, and that evil spirits are quite as free to operate through the mind of the medium as are the good. In the case of Archie we have a vividly-drawn picture of the struggle between the good influence of his dead brother and the base influence of a devilish spirit who successfully impersonates the latter. Mr. Benson treats this difficult theme with unusual literary skill and succeeds in holding the attention of the reader by his power to depict character and atmosphere, but his main argument remains unconvincing, even to those who are sympathetic towards the spiritualistic doctrine, and, like Mr. Benson, are opposed to the forcing of communication. Most people will agree that the author has gone too far in endorsing the Roman Catholic idea that external Evil exists and can and does operate against influences towards goodness. Moreover, audible conversation between carnate and discarnate entities, other than through the medium of physical organs, requires a vast amount of credulence. Nevertheless, the book marks a distinct advance in literature of this kind, and its prevailing air of sincerity, even in its unconvincing portions, is something that only a few years ago would have been impossible.

THE VALLEY OF HEADSTRONG MEN. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What could you expect of a Halfirth man, brought up and trained in the Halfirth atmosphere?" asks Louis John of his father, Oliver Carsdale. "Aren't we all brought up in it? What's the prevalent creed? Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost! What does every Halfirth man think about from the day he's weaned?—perhaps sooner, for he certainly seems to suck it in with his mother's milk. Brass! Isn't he considered the cleverest man who can do another man? Isn't it a sure road to respect here, to get brass, and to get power, and to circumvent your neighbour? Joe Bickerdike's a typical product of the hotbed of Halfirth—that's all. He's no better and no worse than anybody. It's in the breed of this valley, father." Louis John himself, for all his shrewd, efficient business qualities, is something of an exception and brings a breath of romance into the story; but his father, in spite of the streak of sentiment that mastered him in the end, is as self-willed, as self-seeking and as prosperous as any man in the valley. He is a multi-millionaire, but not contented with the handsome house he has built for himself is keenly ambitious to purchase and live in the inconvenient old Abbey near by in which he had worked as a boy. His friend Bickerdike cunningly forestalls him in that ambition and fires him with bitter resentment and such a passion for revenge that he wrongs others in order to carry out his purpose and through doing so is hoist with his own petard. The sketches of Yorkshire character are admirable; the story itself, which grows out of the character of Oliver Carsdale, is fresh in idea, holds the reader intensely interested in its strange, dramatic developments and arrives at a conclusion far other than Carsdale in his fury had planned.

BLIND ALLEY. By W. L. George. 9s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A sound novel and written by a craftsman who knows his public. Like "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," this is a story of how the war affected the members of one family, and we feel as we read that in this book, also, we are given the effect the war had on the writer. Out of the spume and turmoil of battles beautiful things are flung, and this book is, in a modest way, beautiful. Mr. George has a light, warm, Gallic touch, which gives his books a unique place in our literature—he is a pleasant, exciting ingredient of the salad on which our minds browse. Novel readers look forward to a book from him much as a hungry man looks forward to a meal at an eating-house where the chef is French—after the dust and toil of the day, a good dinner, a thought-out, well-cooked, well-served dinner, what more can a reasonable man want? If here and there some Oliver Twist should ask for the something more—"and how much it is"—he must go elsewhere; but here he will find a pleasant, witty story, well conceived, well written, and one that will surely be popular.

THE MAN FROM AUSTRALIA. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. net. (Collins.)

John Darling comes from the backwoods of Australia to visit his Irish cousins, and finds them living in a state of hopeless gloom, dominated by a tyrannical father in the person of "Willie." John Darling is a strong man and a brave man, and, when it comes to the point, Willie is neither, so that when John sets to work, like a knight of old, to free his poor relatives from bondage and lift them out of the slough into which they have fallen, one feels confident that he is going to win. But he has more than trivial difficulties to overcome. The cousin who awakens his tenderest emotions is pretty little dark-haired Aileen; her life has been shadowed by a tragedy, and it becomes the passionate desire of his life to banish sorrow from her eyes and learn the cause of her suffering. She, not knowing the type of man she is dealing with, fears his condemnation and eludes him. But, having come to a decision, the man from Australia is not easily baulked, and in spite of adverse circumstance he contrives to play the rôle of guardian angel to the unfortunate family and, in so doing, finds his own happiness. The author has an intimate knowledge of the West of Ireland and the people who live there; her sentiment is always fresh and wholesome, and this quiet romance makes a pleasant diversion from the many more sordidly realistic novels of to-day.

THE YOUNG VISITERS, OR MR. SALTEENA'S PLAN. By Daisy Ashford. With a Preface by J. M. Barrie. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Usually when one hears that a book is exceptionally funny one is disappointed on reading it for oneself. But this was not so with "The Young Visiters," which we found even better than the highly amusing book that we were promised it was. Remarkable it certainly is for a child of nine to have completed such an unconsciously funny story. At times it is almost too good—and had we not the assurance of Sir J. M. Barrie that it is the unaided effort of Miss Daisy Ashford, at the age of nine years, we should be inclined to question the identity of the author—in spite of the photograph which adorns the opening page of the book. The plot of "The Young Visiters" is mainly concerned with the efforts of Mr. Salteena to become a gentleman and enter Society. Mr. Salteena is "an elderly man of forty-two," who is "fond of asking people to stay with him." When the story opens he has a young girl of seventeen named Ethel staying with him—conventionality and chaperon being two words not to be found in Miss Ashford's dictionary. Ethel is evidently meant to be a perfect lady—she is, without doubt, charmingly high-spirited and unusual; her excuse for using "ruge" should be invaluable to all ladies who think such things need excusing: "I shall put on some red ruge," said Ethel, "as I am rather pale owing to the drains in this house." Mr. Salteena, who is "not quite a gentleman, only you would hardly notice it," consults a friend, Bernard Clarke by name, as to the best way of becoming one. He is advised to go to the Crystal Palace where numerous dukes and earls have "compartments," and where he can be trained for the sum of £42 to become a complete gentleman. The description of Mr. Salteena's training, and his appearance at a Royal levée where the Prince of Wales "laps" up his ice-cream, and the recounting of the great love scene where Ethel receives a "proposale"—and her subsequent marriage to Bernard Clarke in Westminster Abbey (while Mr. Salteena weeps into his handkerchief)—are all delicious. "The Young Visiters" achieves without intending it what so many writers intend but fail to achieve, and is one of the funniest books of the day.

THE MAN WHO TRIED EVERYTHING. By the Author of "The Pointing Man." 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

If the title of this story refers to the hero seeking for work, it would be more aptly named "The Man Who did Nothing," for Julian Radford, rising and dipping on the seasaw of Life, avoids earning money by labour, while his remittances come to him irregularly. Wandering from pillar to post, satisfying the extravagant needs of his animal nature, he is a modern Villon, with the vagabond poet's charm, but lacking his genius. Still, he is a decidedly fascinating creation, and when he does find something tangible in the way of employment, proves himself to be less black than his earlier doings paint him. He is netted in pre-war days by German intrigue to overthrow British rule in the Far East, visiting Macao, the Andaman Islands and other places for that purpose, although tolerably uncertain of the aims of those who hire him. How he turns the tables on the Huns, when the threads of the intrigue are in his hands, forms interesting and exciting reading, so in the end, whitewashed to a superlative degree, he naturally marries the heroine. Janetta, who spurs him on to proving his real worth, is an engaging young lady, although she figures less largely in the tale than one could desire. Madame Verrons is more prominent, and is the better-drawn character of the two. Von Brunner, Professor Millington, Verrons with his Sargeen cure, are all capitally delineated, but the most alluring personality in the story is Father Carillo, the honest Christian priest of Macao. On the whole "The Man Who Tried Everything," and did something at the end of a rather ignoble career, is an excellent story of the picaresque type.

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This is the story of a demobilised soldier, nerve-shattered and wearing a wound-stripe, who goes to find healing for mind and body in the beauty and deep peacefulness of the hills and dales of Yorkshire. There are no sensational happenings; the charm of the book—and charm is the right word—lies in its quietness, its perfect simplicity of thought and style, the wise kindliness of its philosophy. He describes the scenes that open about him; tells of his pleasant life from day to day; sketches sympathetically and with a few light, vivid strokes the people he lives among, the homely or quaint men and women he visits or meets in his wanderings, and interests you in them and what he learns of their histories. Even in that remote, restful place the shadow of the war has touched several homes, and without any straining for effect he brings you to realise the pathos of the lonely hearth, the anxious waiting for news from the battle-front. Nothing is more charming than the friendship that springs up between the war-worn soldier and the little girl Marion; or than the episode of the schoolmistress—like her friend the old parson, a delightful personality—come to full middle-age and finding the best of life beginning when the best had all seemed past. It is a very human book, true to the facts of life, whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, but finely charitable, and quick to see the goodness that may rise out of things evil.

WEB OF STEEL. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jun., Civil Engineer. 7s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a novel about a father and a son by a father and a son, and there are many engineering particulars, as is not unexpected in a book whose authors include a C.E. The tale concerns itself with the building of a bridge that failed. Its constructor was the father, who, though warned by his son, insisted on his own plans being carried out. When the smash came the father was killed, while the son, magnanimously declining to disclose the fact that the disaster happened because his suggestions had been ignored, was professionally ruined. Later he took humble engineering work on a great dam, for which also he had ideas. Down came a devastating flood, and he promptly went out with dynamite cartridges and at great risk to himself blew an overflow into existence, so saving the lives of a whole countryside. Throughout there is a girl, the daughter of the man who commissioned both bridge and dam. The book ends: "I won't argue with you," said the girl, bending close to him. "I'll only say that I have the best man in the world, but if he were the worst, I would rejoice to have him just the same." The novel has an unambitious literary standard, but makes brisk reading.

DROONIN' WATTER. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The awkward and unfortunate title of this thrilling novel is from the lines:

> Tweed said to Till:
> What gars ye run sae still?
> Till said to Tweed:
> Though ye rin wi' speed
> An' I rin slaw,
> Yet where ye droon ae man,
> I droon twa.

Mr. Fletcher's story is modern, and deals with the mysterious murder of two men and the attempted murder of a third. The story opens in Berwick-on-Tweed, and it is at the junction of the Till and the Tweed that the bodies of the murdered men are found. One corpse is in the water and the other on the bank. Who did the assassinations? It is with cunning reticence that the author leaves the mystery unsolved until the closing pages of the book. There is a love interest, which, like the murder mystery, is told with the unerring skill of a sound craftsman. One is carried on easily from page to page by the story, and surprises spring up with refreshing frequency. The scene is Berwick throughout, and of this district there are striking descriptions, which dovetail neatly into the narrative, the progress of which they never impede. Mr. Fletcher has written many sound and exciting books, but never anything more sound or exciting than "Droonin' Watter." The second edition, however, should have another title.

THE FOREST FIRE, AND OTHER STORIES. By E. Temple Thurston. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

Though the tales included in Mr. Temple Thurston's new collection of short stories are unequal in merit, "The Forest Fire" and its companions will be found to afford on the whole quite a fund of entertainment. The titular sketch, the account of a young wife's deliberate preparation of herself for and dedication of herself to maternity, is touched with much of that insight and imaginative sympathy which informs the author's best work, but is marred by what we can only describe as a lapse into sentimental symmetry. The final story, "The Nature of the Beast," an episode of the war, is for all its disguises an example of cheap melodrama. "The Unconscious Humorist" contrasts, amusingly enough, a retired actor-manager who is a good deal of a humbug, and a "Punch and Judy" showman who has no sense of the dignity of the Thespian art. While "Father Tierney Intervenes" makes a very natural and diverting comedy out of the politics of Sinn Fein. But the two best contributions to Mr. Thurston's new volume are "A Cameo" and "The Flaw." The one, which tells how the twenty-year-old acquaintance between an Englishman and a German came to a sudden and sinister end towards the last days of July, 1914, reminds us a little in its scheme of Mr. Stacy Aumonier's "The Friends," and is quite admirable in its reticence and its irony. The other, all too brief, is a divorce court story, which in its miniature style is the most ingenious thing of its kind we remember having read. De Maupassant, who wrote many a study of this sort, never achieved a neater or a more apocalyptic surprise.

THE TWO CROSSINGS OF MADGE SWALUE. By Henri Davignon. English Version by Tita Brand Cammaerts. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

There is a quaint charm about M. Henri Davignon's novel; the plot is very slight, yet pathetically human, and concerning natural, lovable characters that give a tense note of reality to a quiet tragedy of the war. Madge Nidington marries a Belgian, but cannot make her home in his native Bruges and persuades him to settle in England, adopt English ways, and become, as far as possible, an Englishman. He is contented and seems to forget his nationality—until the war breaks out; then it flames up within him, a strong, irresistible passion. He must go to fight and she will not restrain him, and so, in the early days of the war, he falls for his country. And Madge returns to Bruges in its hour of peril that Jan's son may be born on Belgian soil and grow up a true Belgian. It will be realised that such a story requires very sensitive handling; only an artist could do justice to it, and M. Davignon is an artist; there is poetry in the idea, poetry in the construction, a subtle delicacy that is difficult to define. We are greatly indebted to Tita Brand Cammaerts for the excellent translation.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Hermann Hagedorn. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a graphic presentment of the life of a great American. Mr. Hagedorn writes with authority and with admiration for his subject, the result being a picture of Sargent-like quality. It may be urged that too much space is devoted to Roosevelt as a hunter, but, after all, Roosevelt

was a mighty hunter as well as an outstanding statesman, and the hunting parts are brightly done. His political career—which is of profound interest to-day, when the speculators are busy in regard to what he would have done had he, and not Mr. Wilson, been President when war broke out or when the *Lusitania* was sunk—is ably sketched; and we are given reminders of how firmly he, as Under-Secretary of the Navy, handled the Philippines affair. His work as a Rough Rider is put into its proper perspective. When he ultimately reached White House he said: "The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the Labour man as for the Capitalist—*and no easier.*" Roosevelt's friendship with the Kaiser is recalled, and it is mentioned there is in existence a photograph of the two at the German manœuvres, the picture being inscribed by Wilhelm: "You and I together could rule the world." And now! Roosevelt dead, his people among the conquerors of the German nation, and the once-glittering Kaiser a refugee at Amerongen, sawing wood.

THE BRAZILIAN GREEN BOOK. Edited by Andrew Boyle. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

We do not remember to have heard whether the Germans, who—for the most part—regarded the intervention of this country and afterwards of the United States with contempt, honoured Brazil in the same fashion. At all events the Brazilian Navy was placed at the disposal of Great Britain and Brazilian aviators are said to have done excellent service in France. Nevertheless it is probably from the commercial point of view that Brazil's participation in the war was most dreaded by Germany; Brazil was also the favoured land of German peaceful penetration. The Foreign Minister himself, at the beginning of the war, was a gentleman of German origin, General Dr. Lauro Müller, and whole provinces were permeated with Kultur. Brazil was thus obliged to go no less, nay more, warily than President Wilson; and in this interesting book we have a translation, with adequate notes, of all the steps that Brazil was forced to take. We must admire the invariable moderation and wisdom which marked her conduct; in the face of repeated provocation she acted with great dignity and with more resolution than was shown by at least one powerful State in South America. We are shown the entire correspondence between Brazil on the one hand and the belligerent and neutral Powers on the other; and, although one does not usually look for very interesting material in official communications, yet in a good many of these dispatches we find sentiments that should not be overlooked. In a message from Bogota on June 24th, 1917, after Brazil had revoked her neutrality in the war between the United States and Germany, Señor Don Marco Fidel Suarez, Minister for Foreign Affairs, says that "if hitherto the lack of reciprocity deprived the Monroe Doctrine of its real character, the present conduct of Brazil gives her policy an appearance of continental solidarity now that her course is that of the other American nations." One might have hoped that the A B C combination (Argentina, Brazil and Chili) would by the events of the great war become an actual and potent alliance; one had heard of this proposal to unite the three greatest South American nations with a view to assisting Mexico in the solution of her troubles; then in 1915 a Treaty of Arbitration was signed, but was not competely ratified; and one is sorry to see the editor of this book expressing the opinion that the Treaty will probably not come into force. The time is evidently not yet ripe and Mr. Boyle knows well that various great obstacles stand in the way.

A CORNISH CHORUS. By Bernard Moore. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

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